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Soldier Songs



By
David Chalmers Nimmo

SOLDIER SONGS

BY

DAVID CHALMERS NIMMO

Author of

"Nature Songs," "Home Songs,"
"Soul Songs," "Civic Songs," "Songs and Tales," etc.

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DEDICATION

To

The Great

Spirit of Liberty

And all her sons

Who can always fight when there is need

And alas, alas!

Often when there is none,

I dedicate these songs,

D. C. N.

PREFACE

The soldier and the man
Is each in other found.
Old Nature and her plan
Them both together bound.
The best of all the world,
Of all the hoarded mound
Is still the rare old breed,
The man and soldier round.

In every living soul
There is the soldier breed,
As noble as the goal
That man doth ever lead.
In every time and place
Where Life and Freedom plead,
Strong, straight as nature's laws
They leap unto the need.

In this tremendous time
Of warring earth and skies,
The passion taut and prime
All beings energize.
All round the rounded globe
War's lightning message flies.
The citizens disrobe,
The soldier doth arise.

Next to their living selves,
To battle passion white,
Is something of the rage
That tyrants dared to smite;
Some story of a stroke
That soldiers feed delight;
A glory that has broke
From man for human right.

These pages would enshrine
A spark that has been caught
From Liberty's great sons
And vict'ries they have brought.
A spark, a touch, a gleam,
Of passions great and taut,
A thought, a hope, a dream,
Life's sworded soul has sought.

Dost thou love Liberty,
Didst ever feel thy frame
Burn with the glowing sense
Of her immortal flame?
Dost see before thee now
Her light and lore and fame,
And bearest on thy brow
The glory of her name?

If such, look at the book!
It ought to fit the breed.
Strike in at any page,
Down to the bottom read.
If thou it dost not find
Thou foolish art to heed.
Fling, fling it to its kind
And leave it to its mead!

May 1, 1917.

D. C. N.

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“ 'Tis not in man, in demons or in Gods
To breast the force and win against the fates;
But when for Liberty they take the odds
Impassioned song their mem'ry celebrates.
'Tis not vict'ry alone that sasiates
Life's hungry heart on her immortal quest
But virtue high that fierce annihilates
All tyranny, and in the bosom blest
Great Liberty eternal consecrates;
For life in such is ever self possessed
And even in defeat with godlike virtue dressed.”

THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

Washington 1865-1915

In this free land the destinies late staged
A mighty strife of humans to be free.
The cosmic and chaotic souls engaged
And shook the globe as tempests shake the sea.
The soldier sworded soul of Liberty,
With virtue, truth, intelligence and powers
Came face to face with monstrous tyranny,
The abortion whelped from nature's pit and hours.
The man that is, the man that is to be,
The past and future, all high and deep endowers
Relocked in deadly strife that shook the eternal towers.

This called her minions from the dark and deep
And nature bound that ever hates the free
Sent traitors and liberticides asweep
With solid strength to establish tryanny.
The consummation of all hopes would be
To found an empire on a race of slaves,
And their inhuman inhumanity
Defied the world and Liberty that saves.
The blind, distempered, insane "mine" and "me"
Called up chaotic monsters from their caves
To hurl the cosmic souls to their eternal graves.

That was an hour, a most tremendous hour;
The destinies had fixed it from of old;
Then volcanic and titanic streams of power
Through all the sphere like mountain torrents rolled.
Then life and man and all the state did hold
Were dashed and dashed like waves upon the rocks.
All elemental energies were poled
Into the strife, and vast electric shocks
The whole globe shook with voltage most untold.
This sphere of hope that being feeds and frocks
Was plowed down to the deep, bare to the granite blocks.

Then Liberty in her divinest
Resurrection form rose o'er the cloudy height
And as an angel that the sun enshrinest
Broke through the storm-with floods of life and light.

Upon her lips a golden trumpet bright
She placed and blew such thunder shaking sound
The globes of man were quickened with delight.
The free born thrilled, his arms were instant found
And soul baptized in elemental might.
Though unlocked hell should gird him round and round
To Liberty he sped and soul eternal bound.

Hail, hail Oh Free! From city, field and mart
Ye struck the straightest pathway to the camp.
From all life's common ranks ye did depart
And Liberty saw her own spirit's stamp.
No promise bribed, but she thy zeal did damp
And prophesied of strife, defeat and graves
And all that could invite thee to decamp.
Thy answer swift memory eternal saves:
"For all eternity with thee we tramp;
With thee we free the world of all its slaves;
'Tis Liberty or death the free soul ever craves."

Were ye the rude, uncouth, unsoldier mass
That at the front seemed some poetic trope?
Were ye the raw, unseasoned, swordless class
That never once in deadly strife did cope?
Did Peace nurse ye upon some village slope
And veteran War sniff at ye with surprise?
The citizens of Peace are still the hope
When Liberty against the tyrants rise.
Professionals feed on too deadly dope
To serve the soul pure as the azure skies;
The free man of the mass she doth supremely prize.

When England's liberty and all the world's
And all Life's hopes upon one strife were cast,
It was the mass, the toilers and the churls
Who filled the gap against oppressions vast.
Professionals were with the tyrant massed,
But thy ancestors on the neck of kings
And cavaliers did drive the iron blast
That saved the world and hope forever sings.
The nation's strength when the shows of war are passed
Are labor's sons that through the Campus swings
And their true kindred souls old Nature ever brings.

Ye came as hosts on that portentous day.
To Liberty ye were sustaining hope.
Her passions glowed and dreams round ye did play,
Till to her eyes the heav'n of heav'ns did ope

And glorious dreams pranked life's ascending slope
With nations born, conceived in Liberty
And nurtured on her pure celestial dope.
In ye she saw the glorious victory
Beyond the fields where hosts so deadly cope,
A world of virtue founded on the free,
The noblest dreams that Life in all her course did see.

The ruling Fates were cruel and kind. The first
Advantage, defiance and retreat
Against ye fell, and fiercely free unpurs'd
On your blind inexperience and heat
The paling fires that down resistless beat.
Life's real baptisms are always cruel and kind;
Her victors true first drink death and defeat
Ere they themselves and virtue highest find,
And both ye found at that Manassas meet.
Ye fought and fell; it was a rout most blind;
But 'gainst the odds and hopes ye rose still mode divin'd.

Then hardened, toughened, baptized deep in fire,
Regenerated, reconsecrated true
Unto the cause the highest heav'n's sire
Ye came again with sacrifices new,
Like resurrection hopes the heav'n's endew.
The wail was turned into a paean strain;
Great Liberty another spirit drew;
Humanity purged off another stain;
Old Earth and Hope drank wine that did renew,
And burdened Life replanned a nobler reign
That gleamed upon her sight beyond the fields of slain.

Then round and round, ye gathered round the foe,
On east and north and down along the west;
'Gainst Virginia round Washington did throw
A bulwark wall to guard her sacred breast
When clouds and fear upon her heart did rest.
Along the hills, Missouri and Tennessee
Ye hemmed them in, and drove them from the crest
In many a strife that drained the strength in thee
To its last dram ere they were dispossessed.
Down, down the Mississippi no more free
Ye struggled like the flood when hampered to the sea.

When flesh and scul to fire and sword were bound,
When white baptisms full of death and fires
Swept over ye the soldier real was found
Who panting rushed with passionate desires

Unto the strife that liberty inspires.
Across the nation great glorious sounds
Were flung that sevenfold fed the day, and pyres
Went flaming up the midnight heaven like hounds.
"Fort Donaldson!" was flashed along the wires.
What word is that that on the moment bounds?
'Tis "Shiloh! Shiloh! Shiloh!" like thunder rolls its rounds.

"Antietam" now is rolling on the wind
As some victorious soul sweeps swiftly past.
The nation glad her soldier soul doth find,
Her citizens the need to soldiers cast.
Are ye now vet'rens strong? Hear then this blast,
As some South Soul on keen December wind
Cuts into ye with deep sarcasms vast
And "Fredericksburg" doth hiss ye and your kind.
But who is this that journeys swift and fast?
A horseman shouts while flying mad and blind:
"Vicksburg, Vicksburg has fell." It did the nation find.

Upon the nation's bright and natal day
Ye climbed up to the very peak of strife,
As destiny divine did lead the way,
Ye battled for the world's divinest life.
At Gettysburg 'gainst shot and shell and knife
And charge and charge of elemental might
Ye held and held like Spartans to the life
As twice and thrice the day dragged into night.
The continent hung in suspenses rife;
The thunders then that gird the throne of Right
In elemental peals shook mountain, plain and height.

So on ye went unto the final close;
But why should strength its victories rehearse?
It is the cause, the life-engirding throes
Of Liberty that are the themes of verse,
The glories of all glory they unpurse.
Ye marched with Sherman down unto the sea;
With Grant slow hammered back the mighty curse.
And laid again foundations strong and free.
Before your strength Lee's armies did disburse;
And Johnson saw all hope forever flee,
And Liberty, great Queen, did weep for them and thee.

But stay! Let not a supercilious pride
Within ye rise against your fallen foes!
'Tis not the men; it is the cause they ride
That final crowns or final overthrows.

Fate struck the South. Ye had the cause and glows
Of nature, the momentums of her force,
The impulse that the future rich bestows,
Dynamics ripe from Liberty's own source,
The strength and wear the northern conscience knows;
Did ye not have almost a world's resource?
Can ye despise the foes that led ye such a course?

And then ye marched that high memorial day.
The nations gathered, all Washington was bright;
Heroic men in all their high array
Ye marched the march forever on our sight;
The march of men that could forever fight
For Liberty; the pageant transitory
Of marching men illustrious in might
The nation holds in deathless, deathless story;
The march of men in honor and delight
As ever clad the exploits old and hoary
And singers still embalm in gladness, fame and glory.

And now again when fifty years roll round—
Oh what a wondrous, wondrous fifty years!
The mighty world a larger soul has found,
She mounteth up the undiscovered spheres,
And aiding Life great Science now appears.
Her towering sons no ardors drain or parch
But ride the heav'ns, earth, sea and loss and fears.
They read and shout: "Ye Gods! Build up the arch!
Adorn the day! Gather the cosmic peers!
These heroes call! Sing out wind, lime and larch!
Come, Come, ye Veterans, come! March once again your march!"

Again ye come. Ye now form up your line.
Your fellowships take on a joyous grace.
A snowy glory upon your spirits shine
As each doth find and fit his former place.
Most noble Breed! High honorable Race!
How truly grand ye shall march forth today
And may great Strength your infirm bolt and brace!
There are the crowds; there the inviting way;
All honor and applause as on ye pace
And gratitude and fame the ages pay.
Are ye already now to march in high array?

"Halt! Halt!" Fling down the ranks a double "Halt!"
Can ye not see this tall and granite line
That comes up from the dark and shadowed vault,
A column like immortals most divine?

Do ye not see these companies that shine,
Now marching up before your very eyes,
As glorious as ever fed the fine
Heroic breeds and exploits that we prize?
Is this a dream or pageantry of wine?
Perhaps ye think the morning sun doth rise?
They are your battle mates that ride the earth and skies.

They are returned from o'er "the great divide";
Thy bugle call has brought them from the dead.
Now forth they come, march with advancing stride
With which ye all into the battle sped.
The fifty years rolled over ye have fled.
Ye see each old remembered youthful face;
They are the "boys" that with the conflict wed,
Uncles, brothers, friends, all actual in each place,
The very ones that with thee marched and bled;
'Tis the old days with magic, magic grace;
Great Memory's moving pictures that o'er thy spirit pace.

Lincoln and Grant, Sherman and McPherson
Bring up the line on massive steeds of might.
All bosoms shake as tempests shake the ocean
As these great chiefs again come on the sight.
Tears of strong men and thunders from the height
Fall on the earth as they come on the eyes.
That cause and course all spirits did unite
And chiefs and men welded in endless ties.
Triumphant chiefs, great, noble, strong and right!
Ye followers true on whom fame ever lies!
All ride forever more the earth and seas and skies!

Your wild applause greets these who now advance
For this is Meade. Ye remember all. That day
Forever lives on your unblinded glance;
See Sickles, Hancock, Slocum, Howard, they
Who held the gap and gave the stop and stay
To that fierce charge that Pickett led so well,
All now again across your memories stray.
See Sheridan with magic, magic spell
His fugitives return unto the fray
And vict'ries ring on their funereal knell!
Full fifty years of change has off your spirits fell.

And many more rise up straight from the strife,
In action clad and glorious on your eyne,
Full of young strength and mighty tides of life,
Just staggering with the battle's fiercest wine.

The spirit glows; the very flesh doth shine.
These heroes with a swift immortal grace
Ye meet and greet with gladness most divine.
They are thy mates from that far time and place
When ye and they fought on the fiercest line;
Thy mates of old rise from the battle base
To march the final march with their immortal race.

And now ye last survivors of an age
Of mighty strife and exploits high and hoary,
Defenders of the cause that did engage
Man's oversoul and all his dreams of story,
Remnant from the lightning hills so gory
Where Liberty and Life did desperate stand,
And whence today a more than sunlike glory
Mantles and crowns that then encircling band,
Feeble, broken, gray, bowed and scarred and scory,
Ye never were more noble, great and grand.
Then now ye seem to all this gathered watching land.

March on your march, your last and farewell march!
As now ye move in bright procession slow,
Column and wall and flaming streaming arch
More wait today than fifty years ago.
The age and generation new doth throw
Their invitations rich and "Welcome" cries
All heaven and earth to ye. There is a glow
Of life, and the whole nation's stretching eyes
Are reaching up the path ye come and go.
Beholding ye the cosmic passions rise;
Strange, strange extremes of life doth Life herself surprise.

Now full in sight, what thunder shout and song
From this vast mass rise to the heavens and roll,
As cannon great upon the mountains strong
Full broadsides boomed in honor of Life's goal!
Their shoutings and their passion none control
Resemble nature's vast reverberations,
Her elements all joining to extol
The glorious dawn of her long expectations.
The earth and heav'n, man and the oversoul
Cry out in their containless exaltations
That rolls and gathers strength with new reduplications.

These musicians, behold and hear! The sound
Doth mount and mount to being's highest plain.
The past goes out; within and all around
The golden age is rising up to reign.

Upon, before and round all is a strain
The first archangels pause and stretch to hear,
As Liberty and Life and all her train
Are mounting up the rich prophetic sphere.
The march has power, right, virtue and domain
O'er man and life and their eternal years,
The mighty strife of war, her dead and shame and tears.

Here is a young and unshorn generation,
And ye white vet'rans now upon their eyes
Are honor clad, with virtuous domination
And held as men that life will ever prize.
Upon their bright imaginations now arise
Your broken forms but clad in light and fire,
Fixed at the height of men, a faint disguise
Of great immortals, the figures that will sire
Dreams most divine and throne upon the skies;
Life's archetypes, the ideals that inspire,
Are being formed on ye as they watch and admire.

See yonder host! They are the last survivors
Of the slaves, centenarians with their race,
Black only in their countenance, and hivers
Of a gratitude that lights each shadowed face.
Ye have come up. Ye now before them pace.
The opening shout gives way to lamentation,
For tears as songs great passions can uncase
And this prevails in their glad jubilation.
The highest language man can ever grace,
Tears, tears and sighs and sobbed ejaculation
Greet ye, the men who bled for their emancipation.

Approach ye now the Spirits of these states,
Fifty Spirits, republican and prime;
She towering there the fifty incarnates,
A cosmic Soul majestic and sublime,
Superior to the proudest kings of time.
That Spirit and those fifty Sisters great
Like visitors from some celestial clime,
Stand to their height and proudly contemplate
Redressors of the world's most monstrous crime,
She solemn says: "They bled to save the State,
The great Republic lives while such upon her wait."

See, see the Hopes, Dreams, Visions and Ideals
Of Life and State fill yon rich purpled bower!
Though Peace rules there and every virtue seals
All honor ye, for ye did re-endower

The dreams, and gave them most prophetic power
And conquest rights upon the boundless curse.
What commendations and each word like a flower
Of lasting beauty they rich on ye unpurse!
Faith, Hope and Dream and Vision from the tower
Saw in your strife the ideals' noblest nurse;
Free soldiers of the free these worlds forever verse.

Thus on ye move past each admiring throng;
Now and anon are thunders of applause,
Rich martial strains and choruses of song.
Our institutions, statutes, orders, laws,
Our sanctities and reverential awes,
And all our great, our noble, pure and wise
Stand up and bare before the men and cause
That saves the world when tyrants dare arise.
True Liberty the noblest ever draws;
All thrones established in the earth and skies
Are established on such men, on pure self sacrifice.

Hark! Hark! That was a most expansive shout,
There Massachusetts, the freest of the free,
Sends forth her crippled vet'rans round about
Some rags as torn and stained as man can see.
What elemental powers in both must be
When gravest hosts are torn down to the deep
And passions swell like waves upon the sea,
Mad plunging on with a torrential sweep
Through flesh and soul so bounding to be free!
Last Survivors! Our strength doth often weep
When on the sight and heart ye and your standards leap.

Old Glory hail! Forever more all hail!
Wert thou not born to set a nation free?
Did not a modern soul upon thee sail?
Were not man's hopes rich treasured up in thee?
Wert thou not called a destiny to be,
The leader of the world's most glorious strife
And only war in which a man could see
A righteous cause calling his passion rife?
Standard of Hope! Emblem of Liberty?
Thou frontest straight the tyrant's razor knife
And these have followed thee with all their powers of life.

Thy silken folds so waving in the sun,
The silver stars outflaming those of night,
Thy streaming bands that on like rivers run,
With passions rich both crimson-red and white,

Thou art a contemplation of delight,
A virtue, glory, majesty and power
That feeds the heart of being at her height
With something of the Oversoul's endower!
The splendors of the sun upon our sight
Are not so bright as thine upon the tower,
A vision, dream and hope of life's immortal hour!

When on the sight ye lift your treasured flags
So shot and shelled, cut, faded, stained and torn,
Though they may seem as worthless worthless rags
They far outshine the banners of the morn.
Around each staff a glorious grace is born
Of splendor, power, of hope and dreams of Right,
Till Life and Time are full ashamed and shorn
Of all their glory, magnificence and might.
Old Glory's soul bursts forth and doth adorn
The relics rare with flaming visions bright
Until the world is veiled, the sun eclipsed to sight.

When borne among a host of vet'rans old
Ye march along the multitudinous street,
What iron frames their mighty passions hold
That tear the man right from his granite feet!
What elemental earthquake actions beat
Into the breast! What fresh volcanic fires
Feed visions great as if they were our meat!
Electric life far larger than the wires
Set us aglow with incandescent heat.
Old Glory shines! Old Glory in us sires
The old heroic breeds and rich divine desires.

Hark, hark, Oh hark! There is a blast of thunder
That shakes the frame of these established skies.
The masses pause and look in solemn wonder
At that vast peal that through the azure flies.
Who, who in heaven looks down with joyful eyes
And honors thus the march that celebrates
The victory that heav'n itself must prize?
'Tis our immortals. This passion palpitates
Ancestral breasts. Our mighty dead arise.
This line and march their being so elates—
Again the thunders burst, shake heaven and earthly states.

Hark, hark again! There is a martial shout,
A shout of soldiers as in triumphant fight,
The shout of men who drive in final rout
The tyrant force that long resists the right.
Whose is this passion, fierceness and delight?

Who gather now and thunder thus to thee
These salutations and songs so rich and bright?
Thy Mother's sons crowd to the silver sea
And rock their isle with passions glowing white
As they behold their own Queen Liberty
Lead now the glorious line that made the whole world free.

Hark, hark once more! There is a mountain song
As if some tall archangel of the morn,
A trumpet found and now upon the throng
The passion blew, the noblest ever born.
Hark, hark! The piercing sound has instant shorn
The world of all its discord, strife and greed
And found the soul imprisoned, blind and worn.
The mountaineers of Switzerland now feed
Delight and hope to all that life has torn,
As they behold a free immortal breed
Marching victorious march and ages golden lead.

And who are these that now the sight o'er lord,
Titanic chiefs of spirit, brawn and bone,
Just eyes and front, an arm, a strength, a sword
And atmospheres all soldiers instant own?
Who are these few their own high spirits throne
And almost seem gods to the generations
As forth they stand, tall, noble and alone?
These fronted first old tyrant dominations,
Though unto fame unsung, unnamed, unknown.
Life's royal sons! Your noble consummations
Have called them from afar. They are congratulations.

And who are these, twin cosmopolitan souls,
Most titanic, almighty and sublime,
Great universal natures that might pole
All ages and all destinies of time?
Who are these twain, scarred, torn and stained with crime
And yet so great all men doth solemn pause
As their weak powers unto their statures climb?
'Tis Life and Nature clad in eternal laws;
They come to see your marches pure and prime.
Great Liberty the world forever draws;
All nature, man and life, all join the sacred cause.

March on, ye Veterans, March! Ye cannot die
Though this vast globe shall to oblivion sink.
True martyrs, heroes, sages, prophets high
Can ne'er descend the night's unfathomed brink.
Ye are immortalized and henceforth drink

The morning keen of an eternal day.
There is no time or space to those who think;
No night or death on martyrs e'er can stay;
The spirit grows; the senses smaller shrink;
In such as ye soul swallows up the clay;
Immortal men and deeds have an eternal sway.

As long as life grows up out of the past,
As long as men shall struggle to arise,
Long as desire shall hold all virtue fast,
Hope builds her hopes on pure self-sacrifice,
So long and longer Liberty will prize
The noble host who gave her to her right
And throned her to the pure and great and wise;
And oft, Oh oft the right hand of her might
Shall draw the veil from off Life's blinded eyes
And ye shall march upon the unborn sight,
The soldiers of all soldiers, her glory and delight.

March on, march on! Forever ye shall march
As forth ye went on that tremendous day
When gath'ring storms filled black all heav'n's arch
And hell's war dogs did bellow, rave and bay!
But not the storms and not the lightning's play
Could damp the zeal that did your spirits flow.
For Liberty ye dared the deadly fray,
Liberticide, traitor and tyrant foe.
Great Liberty shall never pass away;
Who with her live, with her pure spirits glow,
Down, down eternal time with her shall glorious go.

As long as this great soldier lives in man
And boils like fire at acts of tyranny,
As long as his white lightning soul shall van
The fiercest front in battles for the free,
As long as strength with virtue like the sea
Shall pledge themselves before the universe
The chattle thralls of Life and Liberty,
So long shall ye outlive the strife and curse
Inspiring all. Though blackest storms may be
Ye shall burst forth from all that doth immerse,
Your bannered lines shall march to great musicians' verse.

March on! March on! Ye shall forever march!
Whenever the immortal free arise
And pass through Fame's eternal sunlike arch
Ye and your deeds will march and all surprise.
Unborn generations will lift their eyes

Unto the vision, and tropic thunder sound
Of vast applause shall shake the vaulted skies.
Man's passions and his richest globe shall bound
To ye who gave the world her highest prize.
The man in man by man is always found,
Men in their highest form shall ever gird ye round.

March on! March on! Upon imagination's dreams
And her swift lightning and creating sight
Ye shall arise, and thoughts like sunlike streams
Shall sudden start with fierceness of delight
And see on ye life splendors flashing bright.
Then one with you upon your high careers,
Reliving o'er the history of that fight
And following through the lightning blasted years,
Man shall be lost and find in you his might;
And he shall sing and crown you on the spheres,
Sometimes in silence stand and sometimes bowed in tears.

A NATIONAL SONG

Tune: Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

Try to sing this.

Oh Union, the first of the nations!
Oh States that old Freedom enring!
As mountains are strong in their stations
Around thee we stand and will sing.
Thy States be forever united!
No star from its splendor e'er pale!
Each sister unblighting, unblighted!
Hail, hail, Mighty Union, Oh hail!
Hail, hail, Mighty Union, Oh hail!
The states of our birth, strength and pride!
Each state and the Union forever!
Hail, hail through all time and all tide!

The Pilgrims, their sons and their daughters,
With liberty, faith, God and hope,
Bold steered through the untraveled waters
To build on this rock frowning slope.
They conquered with nature's wild passion;
An empire with virtue did sow;
To their spirit and high kingly fashion,
Grow, grow, Mighty Union, Oh grow!
Grow, grow, Mighty Union, Oh grow!
The states of our birth, strength and pride!

Each state and the Union forever!
Grow, grow through all time and all tide!

When the Mother became the oppressor
And gave us the sword not the shield,
A Washington rose the redressor,
His name on thy forehead is sealed.
When division again shook the nation
And trembled each pillar and arch,
A Lincoln restored thee to station,
March, march, Mighty Union, Oh march!
March, march, Mighty Union, Oh march!
The states of our birth, strength and pride!
Each state and the Union forever!
March, march through all time and all tide!

Thy brow be encircled with glory!
Thy heart filled with faith, love and truth!
Thy fame be embalmed in our story
By manhood, by age and by youth!
A Wisdom! A Power! A Defender!
A wealth giving nations thy gain!
A Virtue! An Honor! A Splendor!
Reign, reign, Mighty Union, Oh reign!
Reign, reign, Mighty Union, Oh reign!
The states of our birth, strength and pride!
Each state and the Union forever!
Reign, reign, through all time and all tide!

THE PASSION OF LIBERTY

Great Liberty, Great Liberty,
Thy soul in mine is flowing;
A crimson, crimson stream of life
Is bursting, flaming, glowing!
The passion purest of all life
Is through and through me sweeping;
The fountains of the oversoul
With fulness now are leaping.

Flow in, Oh Soul and overflow!
Time's sordid life is fleeing;
This fellowship is life divine;
Thy soul my soul is freeing.
Rich visions of a virtuous world
My spirit now is seeing,

And I am mounting up the steep
Where life and love have being.

Before mine eyes I see the dreams
Beneath the golden arches.
Within my brain great kingly thoughts
Move in majestic marches.
My heart does like a hammer beat
With an immortal passion.
I feel thy spirit lift my frame
Up to a hero's fashion.

I'm thrilling, thrilling to the deep,
White glowing like a fire;
A mountain stream doth through me leap
With fierce and swift desire
No fear of death, no love of life
Now through my being courses,
But passion's tide with snorting pride
And all her dreams and forces.

All round the earth whatever men
Rise up in Freedom's battle,
Soul snorts as like a warhorse then,
Swift joins them as a chattle.
In every war for liberty
I feel my spirit fighting,
Locked in the struggle to be free,
And Life's assassins smiting.

I'm now upon the fiercest line
With royal soldiers olden.
The sword is like the lightning free,
The odds but more embolden.
On, on for Liberty and Life!
Drive, drive them to their portals!
We never were so much of men,
So near the great immortals.

"Oh give me liberty or death!"
They went to battle singing.
Responding to the war song flung
The spirit up is springing.
"Oh give me liberty or death!"
Has ever been my story.
A fighting place by Liberty
Is all I ask of glory.

Flow in, Oh soul and overflow!
Time's sordid life is fleeing;
This fellowship is life divine;
Thy soul my soul is freeing.
Rich visions of a virtuous world
My spirit now is seeing.
And I am mounting up the steep
Where life and love have being.

I'm reading now the book of life;
Slow turning o'er its pages,
Of sense and hate and greed and strife,
Of poets, priests and sages;
But this has now my passion stirred
And man is marching glorious,
For free men from the tyrants there
Made man again victorious.

In mighty cities great and vast
That rarely read the story,
I sit me down and reap the peace
Of free men slain and gory.
The thoughtful times, the virtuous state
When war is past and hoary
I travel, stand and contemplate
Great Freedom's grace and glory.

A flash, a sound, a breath, a spark
Doth set my spirit flaming;
A white candescent focused fire
The very flesh is claiming.
In her own soul of glorious life
Great Liberty immerses,
And I am lost and found divine
In most immortal verses.

Forever hence round Liberty
Be banners, march and singing!
All down the ages send the song
Like thunder echoes ringing!
"Let Liberty these mortals van
As long as earth goes swinging
For she is mother of the man
To which great Hope is clinging!"

Flow in, Oh soul and overflow!
Time's sordid life is fleeing;
This fellowship is life divine;

Thy soul my soul is freeing.
Rich visions of a virtuous world
My spirit now is seeing.
And I am mounting up the steep
Where life and love have being.

TO UNCLE SAM

All hail to the man of the western sphere,
The man that is a man indeed;
Bring the ancient kings and the landed peer
To measure the man we breed.
He has scepter, throne and an empire vast,
Place, honor and rank and birth.
In man that is man has old nature massed
The gifts that outweigh the earth.
He's the man of the ripe, round earth,
The hope of his mother's mirth.
The elements, passion and power,
Enthroned him and crown with endower,
The man of the ripe round earth.

Both the North and South, both the East and West,
Mount, river and pulsing plain,
Fed the elements raw to his bulwarked breast
And fire to his lightning brain.
Like a granite base, like a mountain head,
As strong as the earth's backbone;
Tall, erect and wise and immortal fed,
He's a man that the world can own.
He's the man of the ripe, round earth,
The hope of his mother's mirth.
The elements, passion and power,
Enthroned him and crown with endower,
The man of the ripe, round earth.

From sea to the sea, from gulf to the line,
He travels as never a king.
From mountain and plain, sea, city and mine,
Hosts swift to his banners spring.
Man is true to man, as earth to the earth,
When man and the elements probe,
And the masses rise in a nobler birth
To follow him round the globe.
He's the man of the ripe, round earth
The hope of his mother's mirth.
The elements, passion and power,

Enthroned him and crown with endower,
The man of the ripe, round earth.

'Tis a greater world and a greater man
On the morning's golden skies.
Every day Life strikes out a higher plan
And a higher state must rise.
To the vision high from the strain and strife
The Republic hopes in thee,
Thou man of its birth, of its higher life,
Faith, freedom and destiny.
He's the man of the ripe, round earth,
The hope of his mother's mirth.
The elements, passion and power,
Enthroned him and crown with endower,
The man of the ripe, round earth.

"THE UNITED STATES FOREVER"

Great nations live. The splendors rise
Along the circling aeons.
Each loyal race allegiance cries
And shakes the earth with paens.
In this new sphere old nature brings
Her last of state creations.
Another race allegiance sings
And shakes the elder nations.
My State and these United States,
Thy praises cease shall never!
Oft now and then I'll fling the weights
That would unconscious sever,
And shout for these United States,
"The United States forever!"

The North and South each other greet:
"Thou art my very brother!"
The East and West together meet:
"A son of my old mother!"
From shore to shore, from gulf to line.
Are men strong as the mountains,
Are women fair with life divine,
And children glad as fountains.
My State and these United States,
Thy praises cease shall never!
Oft now and then I'll fling the weights
That would unconscious sever,

And shout for these United States,
"The United States forever!"

Here Life has struck her richest roots;
Her boughs reach unto heaven;
The heavy laden, ripest fruits
Are sheltered from all levin.
Here Liberty, the Queen of life,
To kingly sense is bringing
The masses from the night and strife,
And round her they are singing:
My State and these United States,
Thy praises cease shall never!
Oft now and then I'll fling the weights
That would unconscious sever,
And shout for these United States,
"The United States forever!"

The future calls, Who, who shall lead
The world in higher courses?
Oh Nation great, forever breed
The peaceful man and forces!
But when entangled in the strife,
Belt, belt the passions tighter!
Still make our man the lord of life
Yet leave in him the fighter.
My State and these United States,
Thy praises cease shall never!
Oft now and then I'll fling the weights
That would unconscious sever,
And shout for these United States,
"The United States forever!"

Be wise and just; be strong and free;
Advancing, clean, victorious;
Translating into thine from Thee
Thy higher soul so glorious.
Forever let great Liberty
Lead on thy mighty marches!
Thy future then shall brighter be
Along these golden arches.
My State and these United States,
Thy praises cease shall never!
Oft now and then I'll fling the weights
That would unconscious sever,
And shout for these United States,
"The United States forever!"

TO LIBERTY

Great Spirit of the World! Divinest Soul!
Rich character for cosmic domination!
Time's highest Hope and mankind's solar Goal
To mount and guide and rule this recreation!
Look on the hour! Behold our civilization!
Intelligence, religion, art and science,
All fruit and lore of man's long tribulation,
All, all with which Hope dares to strike alliance,
Life at her best, Faith on her lofty station
And thou thyself are blasphemed with defiance
And Death against all deals destruction's swift appliance.

Two nations prime, the wisest of the earth,
The leaders of the powers that recreate,
Whose union firm might bring to glorious birth
What poets dream and prophets pray for state,
These mighty twain with monstrous murderous hate,
Armed with invention, science, wealth and power,
Each other seek to swift annihilate
In their gigantic passions that devour.
Behold the strife! It gathers woe and weight.
Destruction rides on the abandoned hour.
Oh what a sight for Life from her beholding tower!

Wert thou not there Man would stand back in dread
And pour a vast infinitudinal curse
Across the mounts of mangled mangled dead;
But thou art there and who would dare unpurse
A judgment on the strifes that thou dost nurse?
Great Freedom's wars are blessings in disguise,
Purging from life diseases vastly worse,
Giving the world its highest hope and prize.
For all our loss thou dost us reimburse.
Out of the strifes a growing peace doth rise;
Out of thy slaughtered dead new man and earth and skies.

For thou art still the queenliest of queens!
True heaven born! A god begotten Soul!
All spirits wise that travel this terrene
Fly unto thee what time the tempests roll.
The globe of man is sacrifice and toll
To save thy life, for thou must ever be
The one true hope the world alone can pole.
Thou hast eternal conquest on the free.
Cheap were the loss if thou art still life's goal.
When dark defeat and death ride over thee,
Woe, woe unto the world! All hopes out of her flee.

But why, Oh Soul, why is this travailing strife
With all great things thou bringest into earth?
The very thoughts that quicken now our life
Have cost the souls that gave their being birth.
All vital hopes of rich transcendent worth
Live by the price of thousands that are slain.
Rear life's ideal upon this blasted dearth
And more it costs than doth a battle plain.
Lift man and inch out of his selfish mirth
And noble hosts must perish or be slain.
Oh what a mighty cost for all we slowly gain!

Must such a price, such awful price be paid
For human rights by every generation?
The world's wide path by noblest dead o'er laid
As up she mounts unto her golden station!
And must we now in this new recreation
Pay out in blood and pure self sacrifice
A corresponding toll on civilization?
Oh Liberty, Life's highest hope and prize!
Why must we pay at every exaltation
A vaster price of strife and crime and sighs,
Still vaster fields of blood and dead before our eyes?

Is this the last and consummating price
Or but a stage in an eternal strife?
High heav'n forbid! This slaughter rank suffice
And drive stern truth into the heart of life!
Oh let some sword sharp as the lightning's knife
Pierce to the quick of human brain and heart!
Let loss and grief and torturing anguish rife
Shear off the fat and thinking power impart!
Let "living thought" bring as a travailing wife
The heav'n born, high philosophies that dart
Out of life's golden hours, out of her sunlike chart!

But still the vast gigantic stain and strife
Comes up and rests upon the bulging eyes.
Colossal crime doth paralyze all Life
Or bows her down in vast unlanguage'd sighs
As on long lines dread slaughterings arise.
The elements are on gigantic scales;
The forces drive as raining lightning flies;
Life wrings her hands; old Europe weeping cries;
The hungry gulf for human carnage cries;
The fathers stand; the sons destruction hails;
Vast fields of blood and death the granite spirit quails.

Great Spirit hark and hear! Oh is it not
In thy resource to bring an age and race
When wars shall cease! This murdering passion hot
Couldst thou not draw and hurl it to its place
In deepest hell, forever in disgrace!
Couldst thou not bring the races of the free
Into the bonds the whole world shall embrace
And let thy wisest, noblest spirits be
A recreating congress that shall base
Another age on air and land and sea
When Life shall mount the steeps in fellowship with Thee!

If thou wouldst call an international meet
Would States not send their choicest spirits prime!
Would Life not rise and them with gladness greet
And bare most bare this vast gigantic crime
That flings her back a hundred years in time!
Would not break forth pleas of a clarion sound!
Come vast appeals in languages sublime!
Rise mighty prayers from passions most profound!
And paeon songs to heaven soaring climb!
Man's highest hopes would instant upward bound
And white electric life earth circle round and round.

Where e'er thou art, fight on unto the end!
Out of the strife victoriously emerge!
Gather thy powers! Thy fallen foes befriend!
Upon the world with unsheathed sword, Oh urge
An international council that shall purge
The ancient curse, a central right and power
Establish and cast on wind and surge
An order to disarm every tower!
Go thou as deep as life's eternal dirge!
The parliament of man all nations rich endower
And strife and death and war mankind no more devour.

This is thy work. Thy struggle but to be
Is almost done. Now unto thee we plead
Out of the heart of torn humanity
To send the peaceful, law abiding breed
That thine own soul and noblest virtues feed!
Send us the age and race when life shall be
Purged more than thrice from this infernal greed,
The parent of the deadly strife we see!
Oh bring the times, the man and state decreed
By Life's immortal visions of the free,
The generations high that fellowship with thee!

Reign on, reign on, Great Liberty, still reign!
Thou art life's richest, noblest, most divine!
What thou canst do and be and give and gain
To human kind under the curse malign
No prophet dreams or poet songs can sign.
Thy past has been a struggle but to be
And thy rich heart of pure purple wine,
As deep and full as is the boundless sea,
Has never poured its fulness into thine.
When comes the world and ages of the free
Most glorious, glorious dreams will follow thine and thee.

GERMANY

Oh Germany! Great soul of Germany!
Thou spirit of this cosmic climbing age!
Thou nature that old nature brought to be
A sceptered power, and whom the primal Sage
Made such a soul all great souls must engage!
Life must behold the world wide travelling globe,
Must see the strifes all so infernal wage
And feel the knife all thinkers pierce and probe.
We must see thee in this gigantic rage
That bare unto thy essence doth disrobe
In fiercer fiercer fires than e'er was dreamed by Job.

What passion, thought, reproaches, sigh and plea
And images before us sudden leap
When we behold the virtues stored in thee
And then this strife! Oh who could silence keep
When we behold from nature's barren sweep
A state built up with riches rare and rife,
Then plunge in war just when about to reap
Full science and dominion over life!
Who would not pause, stand silent, sigh and weep
To see thee fling such harvest to the strife
That every soul on earth arms with a lightning knife!

Thou wert a joy, a hope and noble pride
To Order, Science, Industry and Art.
The great World-Soul upon thy state did ride
And all potentials vast within her heart
To thee as her dispensator did part.
The cosmic and prophetic soul of earth
Beheld the contributions thou didst bart
And thought of thee with hopefulness and mirth.

Lore, books and men and deeds that were a chart
To heaven's gates thou gavest to the dearth;
All hierarchs of thought held thee a glorious birth.

No wise and thinking spirit round the earth
But thought of thee as its own kith and kind.
The gifted soul transcends its place of birth
And in the strangest foreigners oft find
The fellowship that feeds and hath divined.
And such wert thou, a living thinking soul,
A part of that high cosmic life and mind
That through all strong and gifted spirits roll.
When undersouls the overspirits bind
It is a joy to pay the priceless toll;
All are one kith and kind who fellowship the goal.

Unto the future thou didst promise more,
Far more than all delivered to the past.
These dreams, inventions, scientific lore
Time's surface seemed to offer have been grasped
And Life into the modern world has clasped.
Those richer far with vast resources fraught,
Those locked and locked in nature's secret fast,
Those that await thinkers of cosmic thought,
Those that create the future that is asked,
It seemed by thee they could alone be brought,
By that deep piercing mind that all the world has taught.

Some modern states in power of cosmic thinking,
In piercing, comprehensive, long protracted thought,
Seem to decay and almost to be sinking
In mind disease their fat has on them brought,
Ease, pleasure, greed and all that wealth has wrought,
Was it a dream or did we really see
The modern world delivered to be taught,
Formed and informed by that great soul in thee?
For thou, in elemental thinkings caught,
Couldst by thy cosmopolitan virtue be
The world informing life, her spirit high and free!

Wert thou ordained to lead the modern world?
'Tis thought, not arms, that hence must rule and reign.
Thou hast the mind; the great thou canst engage
With intellectual empire few attain.
Thy hierarchal leaders held domain
All round the globe. States hastened unto thee
And bore away the treasures that sustain
The generations unto life's travelling plea.

High oracles on thee were written plain
And poet-priests saw in the age to be
Germanic thought and life around earth like the sea.

No equal area in all the globe
Such numbers feed, clothe, culture and sustain,
Rear up a state that power and glory robe
And hail the dreams that scepter and domain.
Oh what a march of empire and a reign
Of wise intelligence and virtuous force
Mount on the sight and kindle heart and brain
When we behold thy spirits on their course!
The hopes and dreams born from earth's travailing pain
Seem marching forth, and Life doth them endorse
As Science mouldeth thee and thou nature's resource

But Oh what blind and mad insanity
Forever seems to follow gifts and grace
And smites with curse this lost humanity
Just in the hour triumphant honors place
Rich splendor crowns upon her lifted face!
Oh why should such a blasting blasting curse
Forever smite the man and state and race
Whenever life doth into being nurse
The transcendental virtues that rebase
And build the world and into it unpurse
What makes it and themselves a cosmic climbing verse!

Oh why should pride forever spring from power?
And why is strength so kindred unto greed?
Why should the gifts another hand doth shower
Corrupt the heart till out of it proceed
The progeny of hell's infernal breed?
Why should the self to such proportions rise
That "I" becomes a superhuman breed
And transcendental ego that defies
The ideals pure the ripe immortals lead?
The genius great that blinds all earthly eyes
Is mingled with the curse that hurls us from the skies.

"Those whom the gods destroy they first make mad"
And feed them full upon the poison pride,
The poison pure that maketh strong and glad
And raiseth up upon earth's thrones to ride
Until they feel colossi that bestride
And shake the earth. Then suddenly the light
Of heav'n is blind and soul so god-allied
Before the world is struck with such a blight

Mankind is blank, palsied and horrified.
Distempered, insane, maddened, monster-sight,
Down, down the world they go, down down the gulf of night.

A such destroying poison was to thee.
Thy science was less blessing than a curse.
It fed the strength of "I" and "Mine" and "Me"
And into thee did open and unpurse
Ambitious dreams that sure destructions nurse.
Thou stoodest up among these races mortal
And frontest full this towering universe
As like a youth of strength and family courtal
Who scorns the world and dares her to immerse.
The superman stood in the morning portal
And felt he was alone, of all the earth immortal!

Ambition's eyes with envy always see.
Her hungry dreams are famished with desire.
Her hopes are huge, her powers from morals free,
And action is as swift and fierce as fire
What time it bursts in its resistless ire.
What didst thou plan? "Our future hence must be
Upon the boundless deep. We must acquire
The trident and be masters of the sea."
And she that did that ancient empire sire
And most did feed the envious heart in thee
Must swift descend the brine and leave "the ocean free."

So every son was taught and armed and drilled
And fed to leap to thy world ruling schemes.
Thy armories and magazines were filled
For that great hour that fired thy lawless dreams.
All science and resource that overteems
In nature's breast and in these human wills
Were organized unto their far extremes
Till prophecies and dangers, threats and ills
All Europe dreamed, and wide earthquaking seams
Clove solid earth, explosions tore the hills
And blood like water flowed round earth's foundation sills.

That navy great that with astounding rise
Triumphantly and proudly sailed the deep
And often cast its envy blinded eyes
On its compeer that calm her course did keep—
Oh who can dream but one desire did leap
Within thy heart as thou didst patient wait
The promised hour to plunge her to the deep
With that implacable, remorseless hate

Ambitions souls to their crowned rivals keep?
No other end thy heart could satiate
But trample France to death and England overmate.

Of, often, oft in insolence of power
Thee and thy sons did round the crowded girth.
Ye filled as lost archangels in their dower
The facades of great structures and in mirth
Cast scorn upon the capitals of earth.
Inferior states beheld and shrank with fear;
Thy equals felt a war soul rise to birth;
The prophets saw a lightning riven sphere
And Life beheld a blasted ruined dearth,
As thy ambitious sons and dreams so dear
Would make thyself supreme around the earth and mere.

When thus it is fate is decreed by fate.
The tale is writ in hist'ry o'er and o'er.
Such spirits mother forth destroying hate
In both themselves and others. Behind that door
Are magazines and just a touch, no lore
Can image forth the world destroying strife
That plunges all in elemental war.
There now thou art. Thy full resources rife
Against the fate that pride has to thee bore
Art battling now, now for that very life,
But nature more than man wields death's destroying knife.

Sad, sad to see the mad infatuation,
The poison rank so fill the heart and mind!
"Germany over all supreme in station!"
Throngs, masses, all, drunk and infernal wined;
Oh what a grief that such a dream should bind
A leading state of science recreation
And ride thy strength and drive thee undesigned
Unto thy curse, strife, loss and mutilation!
Oh what a grief that thou shouldst be so blind
As drive thyself with mad infatuation
Across the modern world to thy own ruination!

Beyond all dreams thyself and all the world
Is plunged in murderous, suicidal strife.
Thou who didst first a cosmic flag unfurl
With a resistless lightning cleaving knife
Now op'nings blasts for choas spirits rife.
Black monstrous forms, crimson gigantic crimes
And savage births of some unhuman wife
Sweep into earth and man with devil rhymes.

Thou who couldst be the leader of all life
The blindest in these blind and bleeding times,
Far throwing back the world to dragons in their slimes.

For what, for what is this destruction fell!
This wholesale slaughter of the cosmic race!
This op'ning wide of all the gates of hell,
Insanities inviting to uncase
In human hearts and there their courses trace!
Destructions full, annihilating strife,
Ripe blasphemies and infinite disgrace
Are now poured out upon the soul of Life
And cripple her, disform her and debase;
Thee and thy states, pierced by the lightning knife,
Seemed sold as to a curse, to curses over-rife.

There is a cry out of the heart of nature;
On mountain heights and down along the sea,
Trees, winds and waves, and tongues of every creature
Are moaning out the dirges that must be
When hopes are dashed as strife now dasheth thee.
Oh what a wail and moan of lamentation
Are in these storms that o'er the splendors flee
When this high hope and promise to creation,
Of state and life for which all ages plea,
Doth dash herself with blind infatuation
On these ambitious schemes to crown an outward station!

Thought sees a scene of noble congregations,
Of thinkers, artists, musicians and the wise,
Great socialists, prophets and seers and stations,
Faint shadows of the powers upon the skies
And all bowed down in elemental sighs.
The offspring of the true and Oversoul
Can no more see; their solar searching eyes
Are blinded by the sorows that control;
Now faith is dead; a palsy on them lies;
They scarce can dream a far millennial goal;
The old eternal strife seems all that earth doth pole.

The world of dreams is passed into eclipse.
On heaven's thrones a darkness has domain.
But there behold! A rending lightning clips
The curtains black and now a sight and strain
Burst from on high into the strife profane.
Faiths, Hopes and Dreams and Visions of delight
To see these blind destructions so insane
Are trembling, pale, aghast and dumb and white.

All sing in loud, high languaged passion pain:
"The world of hope, the world of truth and right,
Has lost her solar path and plunging down the night."

But Germany, thou art too great to perish!
This mighty strife will purify and purge.
The remnant left time will maternal cherish
And out of death a higher life emerge.
A little while and the eternal surge
Shall cover all and nature kind will nurse
New songs of hope out of this swelling dirge.
A Germany free from the blasting curse,
Shall then arise and the eternal urge
Shall feed thy sons and virtues free unpurse
That shall mount up the globe and generations verse.

Thou art too great, thou art too great to perish;
The world in thee beholds another soul.
For their own life all states must henceforth cherish
Great reason and the socialistic soul
Thou gavest them. The very strifes that roll
All empires now in blood and death and fears
Lift thee and them into a nobler goal.
Self-sacrifice, repentance, anguish, tears
Are but a tax and civilization's toll.
Another soul out of these travailing years
In thee and them shall rise and mount diviner spheres.

Genius of virtue, science, art and power,
Spirits that feed and recreate the earth,
Ye must transcend the nation as the hour,
Must come unto a cosmopolitan birth.
That knows no state but all within the girth!
Interest and strife and time bring nations near;
Bounds must dissolve before progress or dearth
And states expand unto the visions clear
And they shall rule who bring the largest worth.
Brute force must pass. Ripe reason rule the sphere.
There are no bound'ries hence to all that Life holds dear.

Genius of virtue, science, art and power,
Eternity must henceforth be thy base;
Infinity must blossom in the hour
As wisdom shines in each celestial face.
Henceforth there must be cosmopolitan grace
In all ye think or dream or can create.
The essential life of all the human race

Is growing one and must thee dominate.
Thy genius now the whole world must embrace
All nations now the new creators wait.
The cosmopolitans hence are rulers as by Fate.

THE STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER

No. 1

The Stars and Stripes Forever!
Fling her out unto the height!
Let her stream unto the heavens
Till she burns upon the sight!
Soul if civic life and virtue!
Let the people see and shout!
Shake the nation with the cheering
As we fling Old Glory out!
The Stars and Stripes Forever!
Spirit pause and really see!
The Stars and Stripes Forever!
There's a magic power and plea.
The Stars and Stripes Forever,
There's a vision now to thee.
The Stars and Stripes Forever!
Is the glory of the free.

The Stars and Stripes Forever,
'Tis the banner of the right;
There's a virtue in her bosom
That to free men feeds delight.
There's a vision and a glory
Ever bursting on our sight,
A splendor, march and chorus
As the morning up the height.
The Stars and Stripes Forever,
When we come unto the years!
The Stars and Stripes Forever,
When we enter life's careers!
The Stars and Stripes Forever,
When our eyes are purged by tears!
The Stars and Stripes Forever
When we triumph on the spheres.

The Stars and Stripes Forever,
As a higher hope to time,
A prophecy of ages high
And all virtue pure and prime!

With the world she has been growing
And inspiring all to climb,
Let her mount and crown the station
Like a hope of life sublime!
The Stars and Stripes Forever
As the constellations bright!
The Stars and Stripes Forever
As the morning on the night!
The Stars and Stripes Forever
As the splendor on the height!
The Stars and Stripes Forever,
Oh forever on our sight!

The Stars and Stripes Forever
There's a prophecy and hope.
See! A broad inviting pathway
Up the future's noble slope.
Up, up the new created world
Now a Virtue lifteth high,
Swings the banner of the nation
As a glory on the sky.
The Stars and Stripes Forever
On the present dark and dun!
The Stars and Stripes Forever
On the splendor of the sun!
The Stars and Stripes Forever,
She has always always won!
The Stars and Stripes Forever
While all time and tide shall run!

The Stars and Stripes Forever!
Hear that glorious, glorious sound!
The singing now is shaking earth,
The citizen is found.
The Stars and Stripes Forever
Now are going down the years.
Old Glory and young Liberty
Are mounting up the spheres.
The Stars and Stripes Forever,
Oh forever just and right!
The Stars and Stripes Forever
Our defense and hope and might!
The Stars and Stripes Forever
Glory, passion and delight!
The Stars and Stripes Forever,
Oh forever on the height!

ARISE AND FIGHT

Awake! Awake! Awake!
'Tis a trumpet sound to the nation's need
That doth on us break
As a voice that calls from the hearts that bleed.
'Tis Liberty, our divinest soul,
Time's supremest hope and man's solar goal
That upon the hour doth her heart unroll.

Awake! Awake! Awake!
The Queen of the isles in her passion white
Doth upon us shake
An appeal to life and the sons if might.
'Tis the living soul with a piercing sound;
Be the tissues time has upon us bound
From the heart and eyes with a wrench unwound!

"Arise! Arise! Arise!
Now ye free born race, let a lightning sword
Sweep the earth and skies
Of the mine and mart and the gains adored.
Let the soul in soul hear the clarion sound!
As ye heard before, from the sordid ground
Now leap into life with a mighty bound."

"Arise! Arise! Arise!
Let the greatest man in ye ever born
Come before my eyes
In the naked strength ye have ever worn.
See! The heav'ns and earth are in gathering storm;
Let the thunder, lightning and fears that swarm
But thy girdle bind and thy passions warm!"

"Behold! Behold! Behold!
All the dogs of war that have bellowed long
And been fed most bold
Have broken the leash in their hungers strong.
They are leaping forth; they are tongued for thee;
They are only held by the circling sea;
Ye, the first born free, shall they feast on ye?"

"Behold! Behold! Behold!
See the war lords' dreams. On the world they ride
And their brute strength rolled
On your island Queen who is Life's best bride.
'Tis my own pure soul or a tyrant's rule,
'Tis a free man's throne or a slave's foot stool.
That this unyoked race shall the future school."

"To arms! To arms! To arms!
I can see the flash of the passions white
That scorns the alarms
In a rising shout of supreme delight.
Ye are still the race of my fondest dreams,
Sons, daughters and sires in whose being streams
My spirit of life and my hopes and schemes."

"To arms! To arms! To arms!
'Tis a mighty strife. It was tax all force
And will break all charms
But the world's free soul and her vast resource.
See! Peace looks around. There's no other hope.
None but ye dare mount up the armored slope;
None but ye safe stand on the summit's cope."

"March on! March on! March on!
Now the die is cast; now the strife begun,
And the free man's life
Must again be shed and in torrents run.
But cheap is the loss to the glorious prize
For the race dies out when the free man dies
And the world is lost when the tyrants rise."

"March on! March on! March on!
Ye are on the field. Ye are in the fight
And the old world shakes
With the mighty strife of the elements white.
Now, Life stands aghast at the fearful sports
As destructions rain from artillery forts
And staggering Death holds varnival courts."

"Fight on! Fight on! Fight on!
To the finish go! 'Tis a final war.
It is life or death
For the free or slave and the world so sore.
Ye are driven back. Ye are driving forth.
Drive on, drive on through the night so swarth
Like the girded strength of the granite north."

"Fight on! Fight on! Fight on!
From my soul I bleed but I cannot shrink
From the awful course
To a still more worse when I pause and think.
For defense of self bind thy passion tight!
For the future age be thy elements white!
But for Liberty, to the last ditch fight!"

NEUTRALITY

'Tis a pregnant time. Earth is in travailing pain.
Great agonies and dread convulsions rife
Tear through the frame with vast gigantic strain.
The long proclaimed, dark destined hour of strife
Has settled down upon the soul of Life.
A hemisphere, the nations, bond and free
Make insurrection. State, man and child and wife
Are ruthless slain by hosts that spurn all plea
And War insane wields her insanest knife.
Behold that scene! Here proclamations be:
"These citizens and states shall just sit still and see."

At such a time, fate burdened burdened time,
When Britain in a final struggle locks
With a machine gigantic and sublime,
Dynamical and founded on the rocks,
At such a time when none but she dare blocks
The progress of war's latest incarnation
That rages on and cataclysmic shocks
Sends through mankind and threatens civilization,
At such a time when War her strength unlocks
In number, science, wealth, and fierce elation
As shakes the mighty globe as never since creation,

At such a time when Britain comes once more
To bear the brunt and battles of the free,
To give herself as in the days of yore,
A sacrifice that Europe yet may be
The heritage all free men dream to see,
At such a time when mankind's highest plan
She bears aloft and strikes with Liberty,
With that high Soul that all the ages van,
Another oath to all eternity,
And blows a blast that through the earth has ran
That calls to deadly strife her every free born clan,

Is this the time that these United States
Should sit and gloat and gloat and gloat upon the mart,
Engaging in these endless keen debates
Of empires new that open up for bart
And feed but death unto her selfish heart?
Is this the time that these United States
Should give all life and strength unto the art
Of wealth, and hail as most propitious fates
The awful wars that swing such gates apart?
Yet here she sits and calmly contemplates,
Not, not the glorious cause, the mart that for her waits.

Is this the time that these United States
That free men first brought to a glorious birth,
And gave her young with joys and loves and hates
Unto a course that feeds with strength and mirth
All hope and faith that fills the rounded earth?
Is this the time that these United States
That late consigned with deadly strife and dearth
Liberticides and tyrants to their fates,
To sit and see great Freedom's globe of worth
Convulsed and torn, and turn their long debates
Not, not on Liberty but on the wealth that waits?

Why should this neutral edict smother down
The heaven-kindled, sacred altar fire,
The flame divine that doth with glory crown
All souls that feel and feed the high desire?
Why should this proclamation so require
This silence, until deaf and dumb and blind
This Republic that Hope did sight and sire
Seems to be dead to its own higher kind?
Why should one side fling out their frenzied ire
And our own kin must on her armor bind,
Save mankind's highest hopes and her high course maligned?

To hell, to hell, a thousand times to hell
With neutral laws that muzzle up the free,
All selfish fear, all philanthropic spell
And coward peace that Liberty would see
Forever tramped before the strifes that be!
To hell, to hell, a thousand times to hell
Hurl every masquerading prayer and plea
Disloyal unto Liberty and fell
To all mankind with cursêd tyranny!
Life's highest hopes are now in shot and shell;
The common dung like souls in sordid courses dwell.

Oh let us hear some libertarian plea
Of white, contagious, elemental fire!
Let passion songs and flaming measures free
The silence fill that neutral laws require!
Oh pour the sound with infinite inspire
Upon the greed and gold besotten soul
Until they feel the all consuming ire
And Liberty see as our human goal!
Pour out the strain! Oh lift it high and higher!
O'er land and sea the ancient numbers roll!
'Tis Liberty alone that can the planet pole.

Far more than wealth or home or child or wife
A man should side and line up with the free.
There's something lost, the essence of all life,
If freedom's wars that gem man's history
Have never found the mightier soul is thee.
Thou art not man, a dung begotten thing,
Mere scab on life, disease on land and sea,
Pollution to the ages that we sing
If to this strife thou unresponsive be,
If passion white does not within thee spring,
If thou leave Liberty unto the marts to cling.

'Tis wisdom wise that we should neutral be;
But should we not pour out with thunder sound,
That at the base and if the need we see
Forever more this nation will be found
With Liberty to gird her round and round?
Who fights for her all such we underbase;
The streams of life that flow far underground
Will strengthen them with sympathies that lace
The passions tight in ever forward bound;
And if the free cannot maintain their place,
Shot like a thunderbolt this nation forth will race.

'Tis only they who fellowship the strife
Dare share the fame of the immortal dead.
A full self-sacrificial glow in life
Is just the same as that in battle shed,
One glory bright eternal crowns each head.
Where e'er man's lot, whatever he may be,
Against all odds, with all unto him wed,
With hope and faith, self sacrifice and plea,
Unmindful of the portion to him fed,
Scorning the neutral courses soul should flee,
With Liberty line up and fellowship the free!

Awake, awake! Ye free born breed arise!
Neutral without, but inward ever be
Life's free free born that still can sacrifice
And share the strifes deep calling unto thee!
Stand up! Stand up! Be wise but be more free!
Freedom alone life's larger doors can ope!
What now we are, whatever great we see,
Is but the fruit of Freedom's deadly cope.
Feed thou the flame! Pledge life to Liberty!
Line with the cause! Stand up on plain and slope!
Fight, fight for Liberty and give the future hope!

FACING IT

A Trench Song.

Both life and death are here;
Both hang as by a hair;
Each moment Death can shear
From life so full and fair;
But honor still we prize
And honor death defies.
Far better here than there
Though hard the lot we bear,
For here in duty's place
We can stand up erect
And Life and Death both face.

Within the mind and heart
Are thoughts and passions white.
From these Immortals start
And front us in their might.
What coward-hosts must shrink
When they but stop to think,
For from their souls arise
Condemning lightning eyes?
We have purged off disgrace
And here can stand erect
And our own spirits face.

The Germans are a breed,
Strong, fierce, remorseless, wise;
They would the planet lead,
By trampling freedom rise;
Their guns with science lore
Fierce as the lightnings pour;
Only the free may dare
Such elements so bare,
But we are Britain's race
And still can stand erect
And front them to the face.

There is the soldier breed,
Great memory holds them dear;
To every high born creed
They are forever near.
Who fronts them unafraid
Is of their metal made.

Who shrink and cringe and fly
Disgrace doth on him lie.
Time's every soldier race,
We can stand up erect
And look them in the face.

Great Britain's empire soul,
Majestic and sublime,
The best we see to pole
The world and life and time,
She scans the vast round globe,
Doth all souls pierce and probe.
Shall humans yet be free?
Who answers to her plea?
Behold her eyes and grace!
We can stand up erect
And look her in the face.

Upon those solemn skies
Are solemn judgment thrones.
All thoughtful, strong and wise
God's final judgment owns.
We are no court of saints;
Sense and temptation taints;
Great passions drive us strong;
We feel the stain of wrong;
But dying for the race
We can stand up erect
And look God in the face.

'Tis a tremendous time,
All elements are bare,
The strong are in their prime,
The weak are in despair.
The world, nations and man
The lightnings test and scan,
Our duty is to fight
For Liberty and Right.
Since we can fill the place
We can stand up erect
And all the cosmos face.

WASHINGTON

1732-1797

High honored and immortal spirit pure!
We love to stand and contemplate thy soul;
For such a man the furnaces endure
And such a dream a nation great can pole
What stormy times or evolutions roll.
Wert thou not one the mighty mother lent
When resurrected freedom shook the whole
Created frame and democracy was sent
Into the world? To wrest Life's high control
From tyranny thou wert chosen, formed and bent
And led the fierce rebellions old ancient empires rent.

Thou wert a man. Old Nature stamped thee great
And wrote it on thy course and countenance.
Life needed men. There was the galling weight
Of tyrants, a continent hung in suspense,
And generations were slaves or freemen hence.
No wonder Liberty took hold on thee
And armed thee strong for her young hope's defense.
Before the world, the sword they made thy plea,
Small was the sphere, the issues most immense,
The struggle won, and thou must ever be
An ideal patriot and freeman of the free.

Thou hast outsoared the limits of thy kind.
Thrice purged above the blemishes of crime
Thou art enthroned, replenished and divined
With virtues and immortal passions prime.
Exalted where we mortals cannot climb.
There is a mythologic largeness vast
Upon thy spirit, and atmospheres sublime
That lifteth soul from the repressive past.
We cannot dream thee back in struggling time
And with our great thou canst no more be classed.
The high immortal peers are through thy spirit glassed.

To just a few is given the glorious right,
To be revered, lifted and throned divine,
Purged and renewed of every mortal blight
And clothed with grace that like the sun doth shine;
To just a few, time, place and virtue line
That nations choose and throne as their ideal,
And Life delights to fill them as a shrine
And heaven stamps on them her highest seal;

To just a few the Fates are so benign
As gods they rise, the best of life reveal
And still grow more divine as on the ages wheel.

And such wert thou. The nation at her birth
With that instinct that never knows untruth
Chose thee the type of all she dreamed of worth
Or she could wish to guide her growing youth.
Though she was young, strong, native and uncouth,
And we have marched to undreamed civilizations,
Been torn by strife and taught by bitter ruth
Thou still doth guide the Union's aspirations.
The world outgrows all but eternal truth.
Our dreams, inventions, powers and wealth and stations
Stand still and think and bow to thy soul's dominations.

In other days the heroes of mankind
Were throned and pictured on the midnight skies,
That thus exploit and character might bind
The generations unto a larger prize.
As their ideal was sketched before the eyes
On such gigantic scales as did command
The larger soul within them to arise,
So thou are spread on this Republic grand,
A great ideal no mortal dare despise
For widening hosts by thee are taught to stand,
Feel fire within the heart and strength in each right hand.

We see thee walking up and down the nation,
The great presiding genius of all life,
Moulding the form of each new generation,
Still moulding men out of destroying strife.
Great national type with elements as rife
As is our growth to cosmopolitan scope,
Oft time is cut as by a lightning knife
And face to face we meet thee up the slope.
Life's passions rise as to the soldier's fire;
New girded, armed and kindled with new hope
Thy spirit in us burns to meet the foes that cope.

Above and throned upon this mighty nation,
That grew from it and feeds it life's inspire,
There is a gath'ring, glorious congregation,
Immortals that this mortal sphere doth sire.
All Genius, Valor, Honor and Strength and Fire
Are gathered there and feed the lofty mind,
The music, dreams and memories of desire.
Thou standest there amid thy kindred-kind,

As thou stoodst here amid the strife and ire,
A spirit tall whose character doth bind
The souls of largest men these growing states can find.

And yet we build our towering monuments
Marble and bronze unto the azure skies,
Till they become formality and offense
Unto the soul and blindness to the eyes.
But let it pass. Spirit to spirit cries;
Thou art enthroned within the civic heart;
Thy image on imagination flies
Till sense and strife and selfishness depart
And soul within doth unto thee arise.
Life sees the lines of her prophetic chart
In splendor bursting forth and blinding sense and mart.

OLD GLORY'S GLORY

Old Glory high, forever wave!
Spread, spread her dominations!
Inspire with life the powers that save
And bring the new creations!
O'er Peace, a summer queen that reigns,
She is the best defender!
Vast peaceful trains with joyful strains
Bid ever more attend her!
Oh lift her up and fling her out!
She is the hope of ages!
Time's endless wars are on the rout,
The future peace engages.
Cease, cease old war as life's great end!
Swing out another story!
To float o'er Peace, bid her increase,
Is most Old Glory's glory.

But if disgrace or tyrants rise,
Throw her to heaven arching!
This banner like a trumpet cries:
"Arise for warward marching!"
From city, forest, mart and mine,
From mountain, plain and ocean
Thy sons and sires with frenzy fine
Come rushing with devotion.
Oh lift her up and fling her out!
Defenders will assemble!
They come with loud triumphant shout,

Oppressors fear and tremble.
Look up on high! Behold and scan
Our hope, defense and story!
To call the soldier up in man
Is most Old Glory's glory.

Upon the fiercest fighting front
Are clashing earthquake passions.
See! Men rush to to bear the brunt
With hero fire and fashions.
Far to the fore, the very first
Old Glory on is leading;
The hour is in her soul immersed,
Her life she all is feeding.
Oh lift her up and swing her out!
The tempest she can battle.
She scorns disgrace and dares to bout
The tyrant, thrall and chattle.
"Oh give me death or liberty!"
Has ever been her story!
To fight the tyrants for the free
Is most Old Glory's glory.

And when the fighters home are come
All scarred and worn and cripple,
Some shout aloud, some stand as dumb,
Down some the tears will ripple.
For their Old Glory lifted high,
Shot, shelled and stained and tattered,
More than the sun adorns the sky
Though like the soldiers shattered.
Oh lift her up and fling her out!
She is the freeman's banner
The round earth join us in our shout,
High heaven loves to fan her.
Around her ring! Her praise sing!
Embalm her fame in story!
The stains and scars that round her cling
Is most Old Glory's glory.

Old Glory high, forever wave!
Spread, spread her dominations!
Inspire with life the powers that save
And bring the new creations?
O'er Peace, a summer queen that reigns
She is the best defender!
Vast peaceful trains with joyful strains
Bid ever more attend her!

Oh lift her up and fling her out!
She is the hope of ages!
Time's endless wars are on the rout,
The future peace engages.
Cease, cease old war as life's great end!
Swing out another story!
To float o'er Peace, bid her increase,
Is most Old Glory's glory.

OLD GLORY

Behold! Behold! The fathers there
Shake out another banner
The elder nations start and stare
And scorn and cursing scan her.
But Liberty, the chosen Queen
Of this new world did plan her,
And new word Spirits swift and keen
With vital breath did fan her.
Old Glory is a living thing;
The life of life is flowing
Within the bosom that we fling
Unto the winds so blowing.
The Mother, sons and daughters sing
And march with crimson glowing.

Up, up the infant's rugged years
This banner led the nation;
Wise moulding these chaotic spheres
Unto a new creation.
Vast, vast resources east and west,
New peoples, times and stations,
Old Glory led us far abreast
And marched for dominations.
Old Glory is a living thing,
A soul contagious fire,
Upon the skies with eagle wing,
Inspiring son and sire,
The ages marching as they sing
Unto a nobler lyre

Who up the evolution climbs
With man and nature clashes.
This young Republic faced the times
And dared the sword that flashes.

Thou, thou the foremost in the fray
Wert torn with mighty gashes;
But shot nor shell nor sword could stay
Thy fierce and forward dashes.
Old Glory is a living thing;
Peace, peace her breast engages;
But if the tyrants on us spring
The ancient spirit rages
And just a call from her would bring
The soldier of the ages.

All round the vast and girdled globe
Old Glory is a glory.
All thrones and empires she could robe
And lend them strain and story.
No majesties and grandeurs prime
Or splendors high and hoary
To Liberty seems more sublime
Than this Republic's glory.
Old Glory is a living thing;
Life in her breast is flowing;
Who can her rhyme mounts to his prime
With crimson joy and glowing.
Oh let her swing! Her praises sing!
The world grows with her growing.

By City, forest, stream and mead,
On mountain, plain and ocean,
To tower and mast, Oh nail her fast
And stir the winds in motion!
All citizen and soldier lines
With music of devotion
Shall lift her up and pledge the wines
Of life's divinest potion.
Old Glory is a living thing;
Old Earth her life is feeding;
The World-Soul shakes her with a fling:
"Old Glory go on breeding!
Who with thy soul can mount and sing,
For these the world is pleading."

FOURTH OF JULY SONG

"Awake!" a spirit cried: "Awake!
Oh poet, slumber fling!
The civic harp in silence break
And from her spirt bring
A song with passion pure and white,
A lyric that shall ring
To feed the nation wise delight,
Inspiring all to sing!"

"Arise, Oh Arise! 'Tis the Fourth of July!
A glorious dawn is on earth and the sky.
The morning inviteth and trumpeters sound
The bugling blast that is echoing round."

"Today is the day when the nation was born.
Let life and her sons with a gladness be torn!
Republican State! True Democracy great!
With liberty, life and all passions elate,
We rise and we march and thy altars we ring,
Allegiance and honor and praises we sing!"

"Trump, trump it out! 'Tis the Fourth of July,
The day of the year to be sacred and high;
To pause and to think and to see and to feel
The nation, its life and its hopes and ideal."

"Trump, trump it out! Sea, mountain and skies
The echoes are flinging, the nation doth rise.
In the hemisphere young is a passion and pulse,
A marching and music and dreams that convulse."

"Trump, trump it again to the ends of the earth,
Giving selfishness death and the citizen birth!
Bring, bring them all up to the top of the state
And feed them the soul of the nation so great!"

"Today is the day when the nation was born.
Let Life and her sons with a gladness be torn!
Republican State! True Democracy great!
With Liberty, life and all passion elate,
We rise and we march and thy altars we ring,
Allegiance and honor and praises we sing."

"Spread, spread out the struggle, the struggle to be
The chainless, the brandless, the fearless and free;
Life's royal and straight, law's loyal and strong,
Still singing the world her immortalest song."

"The fathers who fathered and founded the state,
The mothers who mothered and nourished it great,
Behold them, behold! In colonial guise
They're marching right into the morning's bright eyes.

"The sons and the daughters of earlier years
With brawniest strength defied nature and fears.
The chopper and plowman and builder abreast
Are marching before us with passions of zest."

"Look, look! Who are these! The immortals most great
Have descended to earth for our honors of state.
'Tis Washington, Franklin, tall Lincoln and Grant
And all the immortals we honor and chant."

"Look, look! Who are these? There are Fifty and One,
The angels of morn round a Soul like the sun.
All the Sisterhood full and the Queen of the throng
In majesty, splendor and marching and song."

"Look, look! What is this? It is Liberty's train,
Truth, honor and right and the powers that domain,
Intelligence, virtue, religion and law
And all the great worlds that forever they draw."

"Look, look! Who is this? 'Tis the vision divine,
So eclipsing the sun and so bulging our eyne!
It is Liberty, Queen of the earth and the sky
Now marching and sealing 'The Fourth of July.' "

"Today is the day when the nation was born.
Let Life and her sons with a gladness be torn!
Republican State! True Democracy great!
With Liberty, life and all passions elate,
We rise and we march and thy altars we ring,
Allegiance and honor and praises we sing."

"Remember the time and remember the deed
That created the state and hemisphere freed!
They were nature's own stuff and all kings in their power
Went down before men with a royaler dower."

"Remember the day and remember the right
It gives to the soul like the morning to night!
And in thee the spirit of freedom arise,
Looking forth on the state with the wisest of eyes!"

"Remember the gift and remember the price
The ages have paid for a free paradise!
How rivers of blood and vast millions of free
Have been bled for the state and is native to thee!"

"Remember the honor and glory and grace
On Liberty's brow and around her free race!
The finest of bread and the wine that we drink
Are thoughts of the free the free only can think."

" 'Tis the Fourth of July! 'Tis the Fourth of July!
The cannon are sounding to earth, sea and sky;
The spirits and passions and powers of the free
Have risen like waves on the wind sweeping sea."

"Uncle Sam, Uncle Sam is now riding in pride
Or standing and viewing the nation so wide,
He is tall and erect, cheerful, chesty and strong
And smiles as he hears the full national song."

"See yonder the Eagle is soaring in might,
In majesty robed and resplendent with light;
Both giving and taking the fervors of fire,
Surveying all state with the fondest desire!"

"Old Glory, Old Glory the multitudes lead;
The man within man is now found and full freed,
She fronteth the future with passion and power,
A hope to the state like the sun on his tower."

"North, East, South and West with musicians now march,
With playing and singing shake pillar and arch;
The soul is new born, the true citizen found,
The Fourth of July to the state has him bound."

"Today is the day when the nation was born.
Let Life and her sons with a gladness be torn!
Republican State! True Democracy great!
With liberty, life and all passions elate,
We rise and we march and thy altars we ring,
Allegiance and honor and praises we sing."

THE CURSE

What time I traveled on the world's highway
With passion white and most exalted thought,
Beholding ages and civilizations stray
Before mine eyes, my spirit fierce was caught
And held by power and infinitely wrought;
For there below, in their most perfect form,
With all their wealth, the greatest nations brought,
The evolutions of highest cosmic norm,
The civilization that all the ages sought,
Were plunged in strife, and all the powers of storm
Swept down on lightning wings to feed the passions warm.

When at the scene in sorrow and amaze,
With bulging eyes and shadowed by dark fear
I strained and strained to watch the deadly plays
My soul was shook as tempests shake the meer.
But when at length my spirit I could steer
I saw it like an infinite insanity
Bestride the world and driving on the sphere;
And when again the stark, blind, mad profanity
Its heart revealed to reason calm and clear,
A vision rose; the Spirit of humanity
Came up upon the scene to view the deadly vanity.

Then sudden, that Spirit of humanity
With passion of an infinitest height
Rose to her full, full, full divinest sanity
That exercised all corresponding right.
A voice of clear, omnipotential might,
More keen and quick than lightnings ever woke
Filled heav'n and earth, and held all in despite
Of all the hells that in and round them broke.
Amazed and still and list'ning in their fright,
Time's primest Soul to all earth passions spoke
And on the murd'ring strife did curse immense invoke.

"Oh World and Life and Time! Contending Nations,
And all ye neutral yet unneutral States!
All Hierarchs of vain and worthy stations!
All Masses wide that bear life's mountain weights
And Nature great that all so dominates!
Oh hark and hear! Cease, cease infernal strife!
The soul in soul lost in its selfish hates
Mount up again unto the throne of life!
Hark ye and hear as Reason now relates
The curse of truth, sharp as a Roman's knife
And drives it to the hilt with all her passions rife."

"Look on yourselves! Your beings contemplate!
Your natures now fix 'neath a microscope!
Let living soul in reason's best estate
With something of the golden dreams of hope
Her lightning eyes on your own spirits ope!
Stand up in what ye most essential are!
Purge out, purge out all adventitious dope
And your own souls to your own sight unbar!
Abhor the lie! No longer blindly grope!
When man with truth can weigh and pass at par
He's young and fresh and strong as is the morning star."

"Are ye not men or is this glorious form
A masquerade, disguise and blind attire
Upon the things that from the jungle swarm
And clothe themselves as social codes require,
Thus mocking dreams the heavens rich inspire?
Are ye not men or is this godlike frame
The habitation, instrument and power
Of some dehumanized and beastly flame
Forever fierce with passions that devour?
Are ye not men? Is this erected tower
A heaven selected soul or monster of the hour?"

"Are ye not minds? Have ye not power to think?
Did ye not share life's transcendental gift?
Is not this power thy glory, meat and drink
And do great thoughts your spirits never lift?
Does mental light the darkness never rift
And bear thee through into the living dreams
The thinkers shape is this chaotic shift?
Does Reason and her high prophetic schemes
Not work in ye and does this change and drift
The cosmos blind? Upon you thinking gleams,
Such grace cannot deceive. Thought in your being teems."

"Then stand and pause and contemplate this scene!
Here is old Europe and all her tangled races;
See how black storms the azure heavens screen,
How earthquake throes the granite base displaces,
How passion of volcanic hate uncases,
How all the thrones, masses and states and powers,
How laws, religions, literatures and graces,
How humans great and all their cosmic dowers,
How all between the thrones and mountain bases
Is plunged in strife, intenser with the hours,
Dehumanized to beasts, each famined, each devours?"

"Behold it! Is it not insanity,
Worse than the dreams that even madness tell,
Distempers that dehumanize humanity,
Them driving on to such destructions fell
As sing to earth a wild funereal knell
On all man's hopes? Oh is it not a curse
Of black annihilation and a hell
Of blight on all the travailing ages nurse?
No heav'n born imprecations could expel
More blasting rain than this that does unpurse,
Full sevenfold vials of wrath and growing worse and worse."

"Behold yon mangled fields and chocking trenches,
Mangled and chocked and horrible with dead,
A new plowed land that crimson virtue drenches,
With fragments strewn, entrails, leg, arm and head
And ghastly forms hacked till the life has fled!
Still o'er it sweeps a lightning blasting fire,
Above explode great canisters of lead,
And down is rained annihilating ire;
It is the damnedest ever done or said,
A demon's dream when wines infernal sire
The dreams from which they shrink, too dreadful for desire!"

"There are two lines, the best earth ever bred,
Life's noblest types, pure product and delight,
With virtuous heart and glory on the head,
The very heav'ns doth welcome and invite
Their presence to the thrones upon the height,
Then is a blast of fiercest indignation,
Then is a moment's blindness on the sight,
Then is a groan of travailing lost creation,
Then silence on the science powers that smite;
And all for what? Oh what a consummation
To Life and Love and Truth and this great civilization?"

"Oh what a mad destruction fierce and fell
On all of time's and life's great institutions,
A blast of fire as from the mouth of hell
Upon the priceless cosmic evolutions!
What reasonless, fanatic executions
On education, industry and state
And all that base and offer man solutions
From these eternal strifes that ever wait
To sunder man and tramp in vile pollutions!
Oh what a loss! Oh what a guilt and weight
Upon the world and life beneath this murd'rous hate!"

"How infinite this desecrates the man!
These highest hopes that earth did ever nurse,
So rich endowed unto a cosmic plan
And marched unto a cosmopolitan verse,
And then brought up before a blasting curse,
And cheaper than the breeds of savage tongue,
And blinder than the night that doth immerse,
And ruthless as old Nature ever flung,
And quicker than the lightning can unpurse,
And worthless as the weeds around them sprung
The royal race of man is just a new earth dung."

"Reason! Reason! Thou hope of all mankind!
Thou spirit of these climbing civilizations,
That leads the world from beasts and prisons blind
Up, up the steepes of glorious exaltations!
Thou parent of the dreamed-of recreations
When all earth tribes and languages and shores
Shall mount above to life's rich consummations
And leave behind their blind infernal wars!
Kin-soul to those that reign on heaven's stations
Now thou are tramped 'neath earth's most bloody gores,
Tramped and tramped and tramped on these rank slaughtered floors

"Worse, worse, far worse than all the loss of man
Is this blank loss out of the world's great heart,
The high ideals of sacred Power and Plan
That guides the world with his celestial chart!
See how the blind and insane lightnings dart
Into the soul and there forever smite
'The Fatherhood of God,' and deadly bart
As if to it a more intenser spite
A wrath that slays 'The Brotherhood of Man!'
Who can believe in God, truth, love and right
When these fierce hosts of hell so slaughter in our sight!"

"Then hark ye hierarchial Souls of crime!
Can it be strange these desecrations nurse
Life's sorrows sore unto a height sublime,
And passion from its anger should unpurse
An utterance large and loaded with a curse?
On these blind powers that doth their power abuse,
On these great States that greed and hate immerse,
On these proud souls that light and truth refuse,
Now let me fling a far resounding verse,
That they will scorn and still destruction choose,
That they will instant slay but life should never lose."

"Germany, stand forth! What! So instant here!
Unto the judgment leapest thou so keen,
The elements defying without fear!
Thou art a noble shape; this old terrene
Throughout the girth a better never seen;
Thou art a scientific cosmic breed;
Wealth, knowledge, power and social virtues green
Must be the dope that doth sustain and feed;
Resourceful, wise, erect and swift and lean,
A spirit called vast human hosts to lead
But lost, blind lost an hour in earth's contagious greed."

"Draw up thyself, for mightier far than thou
Humanity an hour on thee presidest.
Upon thy high expansive cosmic brow
Doth sit the curse thou from thy spirit hidest.
A curse, world blasting curse, in thee abidest
At infinite diameters and strife
To that high grace the cosmic soul confidest
Unto thy care to recreate all life.
A greed of power, a selfishness the widest,
And vast ambition whom thou didst wed as wife
Have torn thee on a course with tangled curses rife!"

"Thou are the cause, the first clear primal cause
Of this mad strife that so destroys the earth.
Ambition's poison did slay the sacred awes
That gives to life her most supremest worth,
And unto power, prosperity and mirth
Did sow the dreams of high exalted station.
Since greed and power brings ever pride to birth
Thou wouldst assume the leadership of nations,
Dethrone the free, ride on the boundless girth,
Teach every son the soldier's fierce elations,
Dream drunk ambition's schemes of world wide dominations."

"Peace overtures were treated with defiance.
The weaker states were trampled without fear.
Thou buildest state with science wise appliance
For that great hour thou sawest, drawest near.
What wonder that each national compeer
Did stand and gaze, debating with great Life
Their hopes to live upon the struggling sphere?
All saw the doom. The lightning flashing knife
Time's curtain cut and each soul like a seer
Beheld the world plunged in volcanic strife;
Thou, many, strong and armed didst nurse it as a wife."

"And when the royal Austrian did receive
The natural consequence, what then didst Thou?
Against all hope, 'gainst all we can believe
Thou didst inspire in them the when and how
To plant the heel upon the Serbian brow.
And when the Russ sprang forth to his defense
And nations did their own existence vow,
Thy mighty armies, swift, ruthless and immense,
Just like old Nature with her earthquake plow,
Drove headlong on devoid of righteous sense,
Quick filled the world with strifes of mad omnipotence."

"And then thy church and scientific seers
Unto the world most civilized did call
For faith and hope and swore to their compeers:
'This war was thrust upon us and we all
Must fight for life though death the world appall!'
Oh tear the lie forth from thy heart and hand!
Why should the false thy spirit so enthrall!
Hast thou not strength to front the truth and stand
Upon the facts! Shall self deceptions stall
The judgment off and thy denials command
The elemental minds that think in every land!"

"Red origin and cause, look on thy deeds!
Behold the mighty masses of thy slain!
This slaughter house and butchery of breeds
And thou thyself as blind, lost and insane!
See thine own sons that science doth domain,
On whom doth shine a cosmic glory great,
The primest souls earth ever did attain,
Designed and taught for leadership of state,
Behold them slaughtered and slaughtering in their train
As scientific butchers none can mate!
As maggot meat and dung, thy sons but contemplate!"

"Behold yon crown, that crown of living blood!
Ten million murders have into it been strained.
A world of hearts here poured the precious flood,
All hell-born crimes have into it been stained
And Life's worst life has into it been drained;
Around the base, up to the peaks, and where
Bright glowing jewels should be is fully veined
With flowing blood, with blood that thou didst dare
To ruthless shed and more than death disdained,
This crown of blood with guilt so rich and rare
I place it on thy brow, Thou shalt it ever wear!"

"Hark! Canst thou not hear that cry of lamentation?
Vast orphan hosts that for their fathers weep;
The war-wed brides are breathing imprecation;
Great widow hosts are chanting dirges deep
And even sires feel curses in them leap.
Sad Rachel there, the mother of humanity,
And Adam strong their sorrows cannot keep.
Now on their loss, now on thy blind inanity,
Now round thy soul the heavy dirges sweep;
Now plumb down plumb as curses on profanity
The guilt of all this strife strikes on thy inhumanity."

"Oft, oft alone, lighted by sunlike thought,
Softer in soul and finer in thy sense,
Thou surely shalt by Memory stern be brought
To travel up and down this line immense
To see and think. Then power now is suspense,
Thy conscience dead, shall mount unto its throne;
Her solemn words of vast omnipotence
Shall reach thy soul that never dare disown;
Disrobed of mask, falsehood and all defence,
Tortures and guilt shall then be freely known,
Repentance or despair, darkness and tears and groan.

"Look on the past! A worse is yet to come;
Behold thy deeds of crimson crimson red!
Though thou art bold thou wilt be 'ghast and dumb
And feel the curse that rests above thy head.
Though swift success has to the moment led
And victory last upon thy banners fly
From thine own heart is sure disaster fed
And soon or late thou shalt beneath it lie,
For pride and greed Fate marks as for the dead.
Depart, depart, chaotic cosmos high,
A brand is on thy brow, a blindness on thy eye!"

"England, stand forth! Haste thee! Why art thou slow?
Art thou afraid and dost thou dread the hour
And shunest Life as if she were thy foe?
Stand up to judgment! Gather up thy power
For thou wilt need thy ancient virtuous dower!
The elemental spirit of the globe
And she upon the cosmic azure bower
Doth call thee up and will thy being probe.
Now thou art here thou standest like a tower;
Dost thou invite the lightning to disrobe,
Fire, wind and flood and foe to test thee like a Job?"

"Does not some dark disintegrating curse
Upon thy heart and in thy vitals prey?
Does not disease unconscious and so wise
Eat out the strength, defiance, front and stay
That glowed in thee in thy more ancient day?
Does not the test, the elemental fight,
Old nature's hour, the first born champion fray,
The naked strife, now in all human sight,
Write vast interrogations on thy way?
Is thy day done? Has another now the right
To full disarmour thee and clothe her in thy might?"

"Now here thou art, old mistress of the sea,
Long ruling Queen before high heaven's face,
The mother of great institutions free,
The colonizer of the world, the base
Of glorious Liberty, promise and grace
Of that great age that feeds life and delight
And long the hope of all the human race
For civilization, for manhood and for right.
But now alas! When nature sets the pace,
Before the world's wide wide astonished sight
With hardly strength to stand an elemental fight."

"Thou has been deaf and dumb and blind asleep;
The whole world saw the prophecies of life,
And warning blasts swept mountain, plain and deep
And thee they shook, oft, oft with anguish rife,
To wake and see the swift approaching strife;
But like a giant, old, heavy, slow and blind,
Too fat to feel the soldier's piercing fife
Thou satest in the sunshine soft and kind
And lost the power to wield the lightning knife;
But day and night thy secret foes did bind
Their armour to their soul and great war plans designed."

"Then when the war blasts sudden shock the earth
How didst thou rise with bluster loud and great!
Thou wouldst ride down all military birth
And on them build a new and peaceful state
That thou wouldst lead and henceforth dominate!
How confident thou didst go to the fires
But like the vainest challenger of fate
Thou couldst not stand the cinerating fires
All things reduce. Sad, sad to contemplate
Thee swiftly shorn of prestige pomp attires
And seeming lost and dead the virtue of thy sire."

"When waging war, war for thy very life,
Henceforth the free or slaves of pride and power,
Queen of the sea, the Future's chosen wife,
Or else a thing to hide and crouch and cower,
Now, even now internal strifes divide
Thy strength, doth thee divide, defame and curse
Far more than ought the enemy can shower.
Thy high and low from selfish greeds unpurse
Such vices as would mine high heaven's tower
And the very gods that crown the universe
Plunge to defeat and night and evermore immerse."

"A year is gone and thou art just awake,
Just rising up and rubbing out thine eyes;
Not even yet its seriousness can take,
Just standing with half wonder and surprise,
Unmeasuring still the foes that 'gainst thee rise.
You need the punch, a trampling neath defeat,
Thy London flamed or the invader's prize;
Some shame, gigantic shame on thee should seat
And slavery face the soul that in thee lies;
Then thou wouldst spring and in thy bosom beat
The soldier, man and priest the future glad would greet."

"A year is gone and still divisions prey,
The 'future on the sea' and fierce elation
'To grasp the trident' are victors on their way
And all thy hopes are in some other nation,
To hold thee up against their exaltation.
Oh shadow of past greatness? Is not a curse
On thee? Where is the fight? Does this creation
Thy successor call that will thy strength disburse?
The vast round globe in doubtful agitation
Stands wondering if thou canst yet unpurse
The one united soul that can thy foes disperse."

"But if the curse and cancer are too deep,
If sordid self, ign'rance and social blight
Have eaten out the virtues that can keep
The royal place both at the front and height,
Still let the Fates rule in resistless might!
Naught can withstand old Nature's sweeping train;
Who has the power is victor in the fight
And they must pass who hinder and restrain.
So thou didst rise, so didst thou hold thy right;
So evermore the destinies ordain;
So overmore must state arise and pass domain!"

"Great Nation that did bring so much to birth,
That gave so rich the elements of soul,
That feed so free the virtues of old earth,
That sighted heart unto life's shining goal,
That lodged in mind the solar thoughts that pole,
That gave the love of liberty to Life,
And sent hosts forth unto the years that roll
As soldiers true that breast the tyrant's strife,
To think thee thus, to dream defeat and toll,
It woundeth heart, it pierces like a knife
Into the heart of love bereaved of child and wife."

"Hear thou the truth! By it earth must abide!
If thou dost lead the world in civilization,
If on thy soul the cosmic virtues ride,
If thou canst grace the peaks of domination
And lead the race to life's new recreation,
Then still abide, forever hold thy place,
Call up thy powers in swift rejuvenation,
Purge out the curse, fling far the dark disgrace
And rise again out of thy degradation!
Reclothe thee like the fathers of thy race,
And wage the ruthless war to life's victorious base!"

"But if not such, if thy great work is done,
If thy best contributions have been made,
If thou art now a fading setting sun,
And another must with new resources weighted
Lead on the world and lift her rearayed
And new inspired unto a nobler chart,
If another soul, wise, cosmic and obeyed
Can draw the heart out of this human heart
And lift it to the light so long betrayed,
Then let her come! Allegiance I must bart.
Doubt resteth over thee. Depart, I sigh, depart!"

"United States, stand forth! Ha! On the spot!
Leaping forth as to a benediction!
Oh Soul, thou art too young, keen, swift and hot
To front the judgment! 'Tis but a fiction
To self and wealth that never dreams restriction.
Too young and full and rich art thou to think,
And unacquaint with tribulating friction
With which old Europe in her conflicts sink.
But harken! I will put 'daggers in the diction'
And send them home through pleasure, strife and swink
And from thy wounded heart new draughts thy soul shall drink."

"There is a curse, an unadulterated,
Uncompounded and quintessential curse
Within thy soul, and ever fatter fed
By riches vast that nature doth unpurse
And by thy greed still growing worse and worse.
There is a curse of vast portentous sign
Within thy heart. Prosperity doth nurse
The causes dread, contagious and malign.
The virtuous Powers that crown the universe
Beholdeth thee with solemn solemn eyne,
And fear a final blight to Life's ideals divine."

"War is a test that tries life to the deep.
See this gigantic and infernal strife!
See these new scientific breeds that sweep
Destructions and annihilations rife
Upon themselves and all the hopes of life!
These battles see that shake the whole creation
Like nature with her lightning flashing knife
Blasting the mass, between and every station
And all ideals religions ever wife!
See all the tribes in blindest impulsation
On one another drive Death's swift annihilation!"

"The test supreme tries thee and thou dost fail;
This strife that points a new aeonic age,
From nature, man and state strips off all mail
To nakedness, and Life writes on her page
The essences, the elements all cage;
Now thou art found a servant of the mart,
A barterer as battles deadly wage,
A dealer in the lightning slaying art,
Trader in death, in blood and strife and rage,
Blind as a beast to life's celestial chart,
Gloating on gold that feeds corruption to thy heart!"

"Behold thyself, the youngest, richest state,
In this new sphere brought forth for larger hope,
Endowed with resources that might make
A commonwealth high up on heaven's slope.
In birth and youth and in that mighty cope
For Liberty thou wert a glorious dream
And Life's desires that in the blindness grope
Beheld the lights that through the darkness gleam!
Free institutions, democratic dope,
Expansions vast and prophecies did seem
The virtues long desired that would the world redeem!"

"But now, thou art a ghastlier sight than fields
Of slaughtered dead and slaughtering hosts insane,
For thy munition plants with groaning yields
The instruments annihilations rain,
Then think themselves as virtuous from all stain.
That mighty strife has ancient roots and cause
That makes them blind, mad, savage and profane;
But thou dost know and keep no other law
But thy one love, the love of sordid gain.
The base desire destroys all sacred awe,
More greed and death and shame, it in and round doth draw."

"Does Germany now lead this civilization?
Is she the hope of this long travailing race?
Does victory, her science domination
Mean for the world a recreating base
On which mankind will rise with glorious grace?
Her efficiency might well inspire the world,
Does not the cosmic Soul smile on her face?
There reason's powers, elsewhere so blindly whirled,
Builds up a state that Life might glad embrace.
If right and true why art thou on her hurled?
If best for man and life why blast her flag unfurled?"

"But when didst thou such questions e'er debate?
The high philosophies of life and time
Didst thou e'er see and pause to contemplate?
The sacred awes and fellowships sublime
Of that wise world above this strife and crime
Is blind to thee, is full eclipsed and blind,
Is lost and dead and buried in the grime
That covers thee as thou dost groan and grind
To gather, heap, and view the gold so prime.
Lost, lost to thought! Far, far from all divined!
Cold, cold to life and love! Dead, dead to all designed!"

"The Mother see, bulwark of liberty,
The parent soul from whom thy soul was fed,
Who gave the best that still is found in thee
And who is now the front and stay and head
Of all the hopes democracy has bred!
If just a little change upon the sea
Thy full resource against her would be led
To blast her strength and blast her liberty
Into the deep as to a scorpion's bed,
Her virtues high have small appeal to thee;
High gleaming piles of gold are thy divinity."

"And then thou moutheest of humanity,
Of justice, friendship, honor, law and right,
And brandest Germany for her insanity
And England in her exercise of might,
Both desperate in a fierce and final fight.
Hark, hark ye hosts! How, how can such a priest
The ideals preach into a world of blight?
And how canst thou who doth supremely feast
On marts and gold preach to these passions white
Life's saving dreams that come out of the east,
But never come to thee, thy soul blind and deceased?"

"Behold thyself! In all that recreates
The man, the city, state and wider nation,
Unto the dreams that Wisdom contemplates
And hailleth as the crowns of civilization,
In all true greatness, virtue and exaltation
Thou hast one strife but priest or poet none
The world can hail as helpers to its station.
In all that makes life worthy to be run,
Deeds, visions, songs and glorious inspiration
There is small hope in thee. Thou art undone
By blind material greeds, greeds that are just begun!"

"Imposing Soul, with great resources vast,
Thou art a disappointment unto Life!
The chosen seed, the time the sower cast,
This hemisphere so far removed from strife
And over thee Life's hopes with hope so rife,
And now when in the furnace test thou art
A dread disease that Death alone can wife
Reveals itself as central to thy heart,
Too deep, too deep for any surgeon's knife;
Of all the disappointments time doth bart
Thou art the greatest yet. Depart, fat Soul, depart!"

"Oh Life! Oh Man! Oh State! Why should the Soul
In all her long historic contemplations
See bright above the splendors of life's goal,
And then below the ancient degradations
Forever cling to these high civilizations?
Why should the evolution from the slime
Of savage beast unto the thinker's stations
Forever hold such vast gigantic crime
As now and then doth slay all inspirations,
The inspirations by which the thinkers climb
Life's mountain peaks to view far ages pure and prime?"

"Why must Life's sorrows, loss and indignation
Oft, oft, so oft her faith and hope immerse
As she beholds the powers that crown all station
Turn beasts again, ferocious, mad and worse?
Why should such sight within her spirit nurse
All passions white and feed her with despair,
Till blind and lost she utters forth a curse
Upon the curse on man and earth and air?
Why should the hopes that crown the universe
Oft hold debate, if man so wise and fair
Be but a brute disguised, short distance from his liar?"

"Here now we see the world's triumvirate,
Abounding wealth and liberty and science,
The three great Powers Life did congratulate
And struck with them her long and last alliance,
Behold them now! In deadliest defiance
Of all the hopes that maketh life a hope
They arm themselves with every death appliance
And deck with mangled dead this cosmic slope.
Life, Love and Hope must lose their old reliance
As they behold this fierce titanic cope
Of life's supremest powers and war's insanest dope."

"Oh curse and dirge! Oh sorrow and fierce hate!
Between ye two the world doth ever swing.
The thinkers wise that ever contemplate
Would see the world that Hope would ever bring,
But see this sense and greed besotten thing.
No wonder that the mighty conflicts urge
The desperate hate that must its curses fling,
But Oh so vain to stay and heal and purge;
Must utter curse and oft in sorrow sing
Some fragment strains of life's eternal dirge
That moaneth round the earth like the eternal surge."

"Titanic wrath! Vast earthquake rending strife!
Your passion fills and drives me blind and tense.
Ye have straight struck all dream of hope and life
And worlds fall down in ruins most immense,
Worlds, ruined worlds of morals, mind and sense
Have fallen round like earthquake shattered wrecks.
Life's ideal hopes and wisdom and defense
Are dead and hacked, and all that henceforth decks
The future slopes is strife new greeds incense,
And other wars that ever curse and vex
With little hope that Life shall make diviner treks."

“Cease, cease the song! Give brain and bosom rest!
Oh let soul pause and let her calmer think!
Into the infinite and as a guest
Let spirit go and thought and virtue drink!
As down in elemental being sink
The white hot passions of intensest ire,
And mindless of the fates upon life’s brink
Are there refilled with a serener fire,
So let me pass from all I hate and shrink
Into the Soul wise thinkers most desire!
Faith, Hope and Love again, revisit and inspire!”

THE STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER

No. 3

The Stars and Stripes Forever!
’Tis a nation shaking time;
There is darkness, strife and slaughter
Like the elements in crime;
There is passion fierce and glowing
Round the earth in every clime.
Like the shoutings round the colors
To the world the Sisters chime:
The Stars and Stripes Forever!
Shout, shout it to the strife!
The Stars and Stripes Forever,
To the shot and shell and knife!
The Stars and Stripes Forever,
To our last resources rife!
The Stars and Stripes Forever,
Is far deeper than our life!

The Stars and Stripes Forever!
Thus the nation shouted then
When the shouter must be soldier
And the struggle called for men.
Is another strife before us?
Must the free for freedom bout?
Lift her up and springing forward
Shake the nation with the shout:
The Stars and Stripes Forever!
Never, ne’er so much as now!
The Stars and Stripes Forever,
On her altars all I vow!
The Stars and Stripes Forever,
Though the sword my being plow!

The Stars and Stripes Forever,
Be forever o'er my brow!

The Stars and Stripes Forever!
There's a blessing in the curse;
From the strife the struggle bringeth
Souls that front the universe.
To the selfish fling defiance
Though death darkness doth immerse!
In sacrifice the soul is found
That the world delights to nurse.
The Stars and Stripes Forever,
When the nation feels the need!
The Stars and Stripes Forever,
When she calls the ancient breed!
The Stars and Stripes Forever,
When the sword must do the deed!
The Stars and Stripes Forever!
We will follow! Let her lead!

The Stars and Stripes Forever!
Oh behold her on the height!
Now around her is a glory
That to free men feeds delight.
There are soldiers, struggles, victors,
Richest mem'ries, richer hopes,
And an earthquake shaking shouting
That is climbing heav'n's slopes:
The Stars and Stripes Forever!
To the heav'ns roll her free!
The Stars and Stripes Forever,
Has resistless power and plea!
The Stars and Stripes Forever,
We have vowed our lives to thee!
The Stars and Stripes Forever,
Oh forever o'er us be!

THE HIGHLAND PIPERS

I stoop upon the Campus square
To watch old Scotland pass.
The city's thronging crowds were there
In sea like surge and mass.
Beside me jesters laughed galore
At kilts and tartan stripes;
Contempt and keen sarcasms tore
The music of the pipes.

Then instant something in the blood
Sprang up as out of sleep,
And passion like a rushing flood
Did into action leap.
It tore away the sense of years;
It fired the heart and tongue;
And like old Scotland's fighting peers
It down upon them sprung:

"Who, who are ye that grinning mock
My native tartan stripes,
And laughter, jest and scornings fling
On piper and his pipes?
This costume strange and strident strain
Is but life's thin disguise,
But measure now with those that march
And thou wilt find thy size."

"The connoisseurs and sonneteers
And gilded things of grace
May throw their sniffings on our ears
And jest upon this race;
But those who fought to set Life free,
The strong, scarred, rough and fine,
Delighted cry when these they spy:
'Here comes the fighting line.'"

"Of all the greatness in the earth,
The highest great is man;
One such outweighs the globe in worth,
Strikes out our noblest plan.
A very few Life in relief
Sets up for all to scan;
A man alone can be a chief
And piper of the clan."

"Upon old Scotland's heather hills,
Old Nature breeds a race;
Her elemental passion fills
For front and foremost place.
To march them on to high renown,
To match both friends and foes,
The pipers march them up and down
As life is marched and glows."

"At Waterloo they were reserved,
Until a doomsday hour;
Then sudden loosed, they onward swept

With avalanchic power.
At Balaklava's deathless charge
The line did they not lead;
Behold! Behold! They hellward rush,
A death defying breed."

"In Europe and in Asia old,
Here where life higher runs,
All round the globe, the pipers bold
Have led old Scotland's sons.
All nations cherish and reward
Their heroes high and grand,
But soul to soul and sword to sword
Few with the pipers stand."

"Though now they march for Scotland's name,
And now for civic pride,
And now for pleasure, now for fame,
And now for those who died;
They never march so straight and tall
With soldier-piper glee,
As when they hear old Freedom call
To battle for the free."

"Whenever Freedom leads the fight,
There gather doth the clans;
The passion elemental, white,
Old Scotland feeds and fans.
She is the foremost in the fight,
The fiercest in the strife,
The clans and pipers, left and right,
Carve out the way of Life."

"I love the artists and the arts,
Great orchestras and bands,
The golden lyre and lyric fire
Of swift poetic hands.
Though breeding never can deny
Old Glory's stars and stripes,
Birth has her claim and greets with flame,
The Highlanders and pipes."

SCOTCH WAR SONG

Old Scotland dear! Old Scotland dear!
With floods of flaming passions
Thy sons are mounting up the sphere
In soldier hero fashions.

Thy presence and thy trumpet blast
The soul in soul has sounded;
Thy sons and daughters round the earth
To thee have instant bounded.
Old Scotland live! Forever live!
Nor life nor death shall sever!
My country to the endless age
Oh perish never, never!
But Scotland and great Liberty
Forever and forever!

We fight because the fighting blood
Within our veins is leaping.
The war hosts like a blinded flood
Are rising, rushing, sweeping.
Great Liberty is calling loud;
Our answer fills the arches:
"Our sons and daughters must be free
On life's immortal marches."
Old Scotland live! Forever, live! etc.

Great Wallace, Bruce and Douglas yet
Both high and low are feeding;
The Gordons, Campbells, Camerons, Macs,
The old line yet are breeding.
The rich red crimson stream of yore
Within the breast is flowing,
The spirit of the fathers old
Is burning, flaming, glowing.
Old Scotland live! Forever live! etc.

My Country, I am proud of thee!
Thou in me now art singing.
Thy sons unto the latest man,
Unto the ranks are springing.
The strong, ancestral, native soul
Is girding, arming, sighting;
And every Scot around the globe
Is standing up and fighting.
Old Scotland live! Forever live! etc.

The highlands and the lowlands send
Strong ~~as of~~ as of granite,
That man to man and sword to sword
Can front all on the planet.
There is the sound to forward march;
We're into action flying.
For Scotland, Liberty and Right

We battle to the dying.
Old Scotland live! Forever live!
Nor life nor death shall sever!
My country to the endless age
Oh perish never, never!
But Scotland and great Liberty
Forever and forever!

LINCOLN

1809-1865

Oh Nature rich! Ripe Virtue of the nation!
High Spirit pure enthroned upon the height!
A type supreme of higher soul creation
That grows divine unto our mortal blight!
Thou feedest to our far-uplifted sight
The greatest need of life and time and nations,
For thou wert one the powers of truth and right
Sent into life, and up our hard gradations
Trained thee for strife against the storms of night.
Victorious soul! Spirit of inspirations!
One of the dreams of man! One of God's high creations!

Cruel Nature was and yet most kind to thee
When thou wert cast down at the base of life
For at the base great things and men must be.
Thy towering strength, ungainly gaunt, was rife
With jest and many a sharp sarcastic knife
Cut into thee. The kind old rugged nurse
Bound up thy wounds, and with a Spartan fife
Bade thee to stand and face the powers that curse.
She put thee up against the growing strife
And with thy growth did stir the elements worse,
Until at last, alone, strong as the universe.

Oft, often locked in many a mortal strife,
The vanquished spared or flung off bruised or dead,
Thou, rising up with fountains of new life,
Didst front the men who shook earth with their tread.
Into the pass where hosts in vain had bled
The mother thrust and knew that thou wouldst van
The world, for thy humanity was red
For generous life and for all men did plan.
Strong was the arm, high, high the lighted head,
Wise, wise the eye that did the nation scan
When thy organic strength took up the cause of man.

There was a day when Liberty's young nation
Desired a man to save the institutions.
"Arise, arise!" she cried in desperation,
"Against the storms, traitors and executions
That threaten death to time's best evolutions!"
Thou camest forth. The nation saw. Great Right
Sprang up and spurned her abject prostitutions.
Ready for war but shrinking from the fight,
Forth to the strife, defying soft solutions,
Into the black and lightning flashing night
To victory they went with thy contagious might.

Though those four years, blood-stained and stormed and plowed
What heavy weights and crimson, crimson tears
Thy spirit shed and often body bowed!
The stress of war eclipsed the world with fears,
But thou wert found, one of creation's peers,
A grand old type that man forever hails
And stations high to crown these mortal spheres.
Tall leader strong, gath'ring the line that fails;
A hero true the battle front reveres;
Courage and faith that o'er assault prevails;
A master man of men no time or greatness pales.

High, generous and most magnanimous soul!
Fine quality, the rarest in the earth!
Part of the Infinite whose virtues roll
And now and then find being from the dearth!
Man's moulds were broke; time's standards of all worth
Destroyed; ideals old dethroned, and new
Conceptual forms rose to immortal birth.
Plain, simple, honest, common and warm and true,
Thy rich magnanimous soul of saving mirth
Leads hence the mind to the highest heights we view,
And man and life and time in form divine renew.

Leader, martyr, prophet and president,
Where the great cosmopolitan councils meet,
Those spirits vast unanimous in consent
Invite thee up to their presiding seat.
Famed Congregation, where the ages greet
Each other, and time's mightiest souls unite
To rain on earth the life that is our meat,
Out of your hosts of genius, lore and might,
Song, courage, faith, self-sacrifice and feat,
Have ye but one that measures to his height?
A higher type of man to rule you as his right?

Though far aloft and growing more divine,
More wide the years and intervening space,
Rare magic powers out of thy spirit twine
And bind thee close, still closer to our race.
The ripe humanity upon thy face,
Thy warm hand-clasp and eyes inviting kind
Draw into life out of our hearts' embrace,
"Father," "Brother," "Prophet," and names that bind
The hearts of men across all time and place.
Plain Spirit great, through thee we are divined.
Thou feedest us with life; through thee we are divined.

GRANT

1822-1885

Men like a fighter. The elemental life
That surges up and drives the universe
With this convulsive strain and endless strife
Leaps into soul and doth forever nurse
Desire for him no battles can coerce.
Men like the man who fronts these grinding spheres,
Defying Fate and all she can unpurse;
That armored stands 'gainst darkness, death and fears
And from the deep calls the eternal curse.
When such a soul upon the globe appears
Men stand in pause and feed the hunger of their years.

And such wert thou, a true heroic soul;
A noble type though in deceptive mould;
So blinded Life that should our spirits pole
Neglected thee. Thy mighty powers enrolled
Were all penned up, and in that narrow hold
Were battles fierce that rent thy globe with strife.
Great spirit-gifts that find no end unfold
Within the heart hell's elemental life.
Who, who could dream thy spirit long unpoled
Fought not dark fiends with fierce distempers rife
And learned to wield a sword swift as the lightning's knife?

When thou didst hear great Liberty's last call
To free the world and ages of all slaves
That mighty Soul thy spirit did enthrall
And gave the sword but prophesied the graves;
Such was the prize, but such as thou but craves
The loyalty that sets the spirit free.

Erect and poised, calm, wise and strong, the waves
Of strife dashed on tempestuous as the sea;
But like a rock round which the tempest raves
Thou didst out-think, out-wear, out-fight and be
The genius of the strife and hope of victory.

From Donalson to Appomattox close
Thou foughtest on resistless as is Fate,
Through bloody fields and earthquake rending throes
Where Death all troops did fiercest mutilate
Thou did'st press on nor dreamed to hesitate.
Life stood aghast. The world cried out in fear.
Thy erstwhile friends did curses imprecate.
Real "war is hell." To some thou didst appear
A demon mad but blood could satiate;
Yet through it all soft mercy stern and dear
Sat on thy fighting soul to guide the world's career.

Thy iron strength was wed to granite truth.
Thy reverence for the laws was most sublime.
Simplicity dwelt in thy heart with ruth
And honor there with sovereign power did rhyme.
Magnanimousness, the seal on spirits prime,
Was stamped on thee by heaven's highest hand.
Yet all of these passed through the fires like crime
Till at the last thy spirit forth did stand
A hierarchal prince and soul of time
That Life and Man forever shall command,
First, first in ruthless war! First, first in Mercy's band!

If ever man stood on the adamant
And manhood virtuous base and could dispense
With childish paraphernalias that enchant
The world, thou wert that man. Pride and pretence
Are gilded twins and were to thee offense.
Thy royal soul despised life's little shows
And stood before the world in that defense
That character and fiercest fight bestows.
We cannot dream round thee the ornaments
Of kings, and placed in royal lineage rows
Thou towerest over them as conqueror over foes.

Few, few, but few of all the soldier line
Could cross full swords or stand up straight with thee.
A Washington or Cromwell spirit fine
That fights to set life's highest spirit free,
Thy equals are, the most but butchers be.
Great soldier chief, thou art a man's delight!

Poise, power and grace shall never from thee flee!
Who clears himself where giant spirits fight
Draws giant men with swift resistless plea.
In every man a soldier stands upright
And meeting thee salutes with passions glowing white.

When thou didst go life's last and lonely march
Thy name and deeds were clothed with immortality.
Musicians, troops, banners, applause and arch
Conducted thee unto the high courtality
Of Fame! With hosts of this mortality
The eternal great did welcome thee on high.
Bright splendor did adorn the wide portality
And round it hosts of geniuses did cry:
"Thrice welcome here, thou grand reality
Of life! The state is Queen within this sky.
Be thou her right hand strength and stand forever nigh."

"For thou art one to pillar up a state.
High elements were poured in thee at birth.
Though almost snuffed by blind remorseless Fate
Thou foughtest through the darkness, strife and dearth
Unto these thrones of everlasting worth.
Now this immortal Fellowship sublime
That doth sustain and recreates the earth,
Commissions thee unto an office prime:
'Be thou thyself and to the nation's girth
Rain thou thy life, and from repressive time
Lead civic virtue up to our celestial clime!'"

PEACE

Celestial Peace! Great Nature! Soul divine!
Incarnate Hope of all the best desire
For which mankind doth ever pray and pine!
Ripe Grace supreme to these contentions dire
And with thy calm serene celestial fire
Enthroned above all time and toil and strife,
How could the world beneath the blinded ire
Of nation against nation mad and rife
But long for thee and all thou dost inspire!
In this dread hour no wonder that great Life
Hails thee with boundless joy and would thee wed as wife!

Great Princess, Queen, Immortaless of earth
Art thou, but yet no people, state or land,

Though thou wouldst be a heav'n unto their dearth
Have thee enthroned and given full command.
All thee delight to entertain, and stand
With welcomes rich and songs that glorious hail
And oft it seems thy reign is just at hand;
But suddenly the endless strifes assail
And slandered foul and sometimes with a brand
Thou fleest forth into the wild and wail,
A stranger driven forth, an alien sad and pale.

Today again from Europe thou hast fled;
Gigantic strife, distempered and profane,
Against all hopes that man has ever fed
Has driven thee who can alone sustain
Life, virtue, thought, resources and domain.
Look on the hour! Behold the prayer and plea!
The heavens are called to bridle and restrain
And send us peace whate'er the price may be,
Unmindful of the hopes that may be slain,
Hopes of the wise, the dreams of high and free,
Eternal hate to war, delight in liberty.

One with thy name but most unlike to thee,
Clad in thy robes and smiling with thy grace
Our presidents and popes call us to see
And lead her forth that life may fond embrace.
Is this the soul to Queen this modern race?
The spirit that can scepter this mankind?
The honor that the world's foundations base?
The virtue unto glorious ends designed?
Is this the peace whose breast we might unlace
And in its deep could never never find
The curse that brings the wars that doth this human grind?

Away, away with this huge masquerade!
But hold! Let politics bring forth their dream!
Tear off the rags from this false liveried jade
And place her near her nature's far extreme!
A harlot she, her progeny doth seem
The selfish, cowards, traitors, liberticides,
Abortions foul, deformities that stream
From hell, corruption's brood, a spawn that hides
From light and truth and with dishonors team!
Away! Away! Give us the peace that rides
On royal, royal truth and unto honor guides!

Thou art the sister twin of Liberty
Were ye not nursed at one maternal breast?

Did not the mother dream and train in ye
Two characters to crown all beings' crest?
Were ye not sent in heav'nly virtues dressed,
Twin spirits who would guide and lift mankind
In courses rich, divine and great and blest!
As she her inspirations doth unbind
On battle fields where free and tyrant wrest,
So thou a nobler destiny doth find
In leading on the sphere as Reason high designed.

Thou art our peace. For thee we bleed and bleed,
Cry out in prayer, strong supplications pour,
Bow down in soul, present our awful need,
Unbind the wounds that bleed and bleed still more
And lift them up to heav'n as all implore.
Oh give us peace! We bleed we bleed for peace!
The cry comes from being's inmost core,
All travailing ages lend the prayer increase,
From all the earth it gathers strength and store
And calls on God and heav'n and earth to cease
The long infernal wars and rest supernal lease.

Oh give us peace! For peace we bleed and bleed.
All time has been but one eternal war.
This selfishness and blind infernal greed
Has drenched and drenched the heav'ns and earth in gore,
Today far worse than ever drenched before.
Oh give us peace! We bleed, we bleed for peace!
Ten million men, the best earth ever bore,
Are slaughtered and the slaughterings more increase.
This slaughterhouse, butchers, infernal lore—
Oh heav'n and earth, insane destructions cease!
Behold and hear the prayer and hope unto us lease!

But hark, peacemakers at all price! Intensest war
Still on us send if not the lasting peace
That cuts the cause out of the very core
And bids the curse forever more to cease!
Give us dread war, give strife a larger lease,
Let all life's hopes be in the struggle slain;
Bid men like fiends to more and more increase,
And make all earth a savage pen and plain;
Death, Science and old Hell, ye can release
Your hoarded mounds and swift destruction rain
Unless great Life shall give these glorious sisters twain.

True Liberty and Peace! Celestial Twins!
Pure Spirits that the earth alone can pole!

Hope Guardians wise! Preserves from all sins
And Builders of the ages that shall roll!
Behold! Behold! There is life's golden goal!
And here the kings and presidents and popes
With prayer for peace at any price or toll.
Draw to your neights! Ye are man's solar hopes!
Demand your full integrity of soul!
If granted, grant war's antidotal dopes;
If not, spit on all philanthropic tropes
And kick them down the night, down down the blasted slopes!

LIFE'S DESIRE

Oh War, War, War! Infinitudinal curse
That smites the world with an infernal ban,
And with insanity entanglest man
In deadly hates! Thou dost forever nurse
Thy madness in these mortals, till worse and worse
Doth grow the dread eternal strife
That slays all hopes and dreams of life
What time they mount and these horizons scan.
All, all the world can bring to birth
But feeds and crowns thee, Lord of earth.
All down her course Life draws her doubtful breath;
All living thou dost slay, the very Lord of death.

What histories hast thou written on the earth
Of fiery force, of vengeance, blood and lust!
Oh what destroy from granduer unto dust
Of all men are and all they hold of worth!
Which of the long, long generations whose mirth
Was not eclipsed by thee and thine!
Which of the years that long untwine
Was not with stain, deep crimson stain out-thrust?
What nations never pained and bowed
When thee and thine together crowd!
What nations never loud, jubilant and free
When thou in chains were thrust as hell's hound ought to be?

Unhuman War! Infernal breed and birth!
Thou changest earth to hell, till revels man
As a maddened, drunk, unsatiated clan
In blood and rapine, fire and lust. The earth
In travailing agonies brings to the dearth
Abortions and monstrosities,

Mad, mad with fierce ferocities
Against the state formed to thought's glorious plan.
No wonder that the rounded sphere
Oft trembles and grows black with fear,
For thou. Oh War, hast smitten with a curse
All ages, peoples, hopes and all the best they nurse.

Here on the crest of this time crowning age
Still Thou dost reign and turnest man to brutes.
Through all veneers the savagery outshoots,
Fierce mangling Life at her supremest stage
And gloating as on feasts when hungers rage.
Religion, Liberty and Science,
Life's last and best and firm alliance
Thou greetest as with hell derision hoots.
This dear, dear purchased civilization
Against this monstrous miscreation
Appalls the world, all life doth stand aghast,
Immortal hopes are slain, a world dirge on the blast.

Oh Peace, Oh Peace, Life calleth out for thee!
The voice of earth and all her generations
With thunder song of mountain intonations
Is gathering round thy throne of victory
In intercession to be forever free
From this eternal boundless curse
That all the hopes of life immerse.
Through all the wars, strife, death and mutilations,
Though bound in adamant chain,
Though crucified and often slain,
Life ever sings with wider echoing tones
For thy millennial peace, millennial powers and thrones!

Thou hast the full resources for this life,
Thou canst destroy the hoar iniquities
Bequeathed to us by long antiquities
Of crime. The feeders of this endless strife,
The sons and swords of Mars, thy lightning knife
Must blast and hurl into the dust
To stay this blood contagious lust.
O'er the wide host thy soft benignities
And arching grace from heav'n above,
As o'er the sick a mother's love,
Can smother down time's heritage of ill
And nurse out of the earth a race that thou dost fill.

Thou canst destroy the insane hosts of war
And politics of hell by which their course
Is constant driven. This military force

That nations drain and drive still more and more
Thou canst cut out, out of the breast so sore.
Cut out, cut out the gangrene strife!
Breathe in, breathe in purpureal life
And all that flows from thy divine resource!
Strife, greed and crime, tears and dismay
Thy grace can wipe them all away;
All, all of war and its infernal blight
Would fly before thy face as darkness from the light.

Come thou on earth with thy exhaustless heart!
Thou hast celestial and supremest powers.
Thou hast the azure and immortal dowers
Of sun-resplendent heaven. Thou hast and art
The spirit pure that in all being flowers
To splendor, joy and purity.
The hopes of all futurity
Doth dwell in thee and thou canst it impart.
Sow, sow thy potencies of life!
And from the very heart of strife
Another world with beauty and delight
Shall forth from chaos rise toward heaven's golden height.

Come! Bring thy royal institutes of state!
The high, supreme, majestic, honored laws
And kin to these, those reverential awes
Thy youth and age delight to contemplate
As we behold the statues of the great.
Peace, glorious peace and righteousness
Thy nations shall with splendor dress.
Faith, hope and joy, magnanimousness, applause,
Shall be the ornaments of gold
Each heart and brow shall then unfold.
Come, come, Oh state! What business, rule and home
Thy bases shall support, enkindle shall thy dome!

Oh Peace, Oh Peace, who would not long for thee?
Thou crowning all with virtues pure art crowned
And from thy heart all gifts supreme abound
As blessings from the azure pure and free.
Thy passions with the white intensity
Of love fills every welcome birth
Of thy uncrowded crowded earth.
Oh how the new created heavens resound
With songs of ripest sanity!
All life is one humanity!
One human brotherhood! One family race!
One many passioned heart that one heart does embrace!

Come, come, Oh long delayed and golden age!
The age of peace, of man and all his powers,
Of Life's ideals and soaring sublimest hours
Of wise conception. Oh age that will engage
The heightless height and boundless reach that cage
Themselves in this finality!
Oh age of immortality
The fountains of the Infinite assuage,
Come! Oh rise on time's foundation stones
The splendors of thy everlasting thrones!
Come thou upon the morning's golden pinions
And round the feet of God build thou thy last dominions:

AN OLD-FASHIONED GEORGIA FATHER

I stood within my cottage gate,
And well drawn in with fear and hate
Did watch the bully that did bait
The boys draw nigh.
There would he touch me? I did wait
Him passing by.

He stood and talked like any chap
But going, gave me such a slap
It sounded like a leather strap
And stung with pain.
I scarce the tears upon the rap
Could full restrain.

When supper did the table gown
My father nearly knocked me down,
And shame upon my brow did frown
When he would know
What I had done that then young Brown
Did strike me so.

"Nothing. He bullies all the boys.
To fight us seems his best of joys.
He's big and strong and makes a noise
And wants to fight
And knuckles on his fist employs
To make them bite."

Then father chocked, his cheeks grew red,
His eyes grew blazing in his head;

A mighty passion from its bed
Had sudden woke
And with all strength the furnace fed
Thus to me spoke:

"If in this town there is a man
That lays a hand on you I'll tan
His hide till black and blue. Now scan
The big and strong,
Your father dares to death the clan
To right your wrong."

"But if I see or ever hear
You are a coward in your fear,
And take abuses from your peer,
And lie down base,
A coward, slave, shaking and sheer
Scab of disgrace"

"I'll thrash you till you bleed and bleed
Your very bones will break, and lead
Your young soul out and to it feed
Till she is fed
The thrashing you most certain need,
Thrashed almost dead."

"Within your soul the man I'll find
Or you are not your father's kind.
A green peeled rod may swift unbind
The soul that fights
And matcheth with a heart and mind
Its manhood rights."

"I won't have you the cursèd thing
That men will spit on, hate and fling
Out of their noble soldier ring.
Better the grave
For me and mine than hear men sing:
'His boy's a slave.'"

"Be peaceful, friendly, kind to all!
Defend the cripples, weak and small!
But front the bullies strong and tall.
Stand up and fight!
When there is need stand to the wall
And land it right!"

"To all the lengths of honor go
To keep the peace with friend and foe
But when dishonored, strike the blow!

Stand up and fight!
Such men an iron fist can throw
Defending right."

"A boy that is a boy of mine
And cannot front the firing line
For Liberty and Right divine
I'd shoot him dead;
Nor would a flower of memory shine
Above his head."

"Now in your case, he'll strike once more;
I'll watch and see. It will go sore
If with this high souled soldier lore
You do not sweep
And like a lion in his roar
Upon him leap."

Then he sat down. He could not eat.
I saw great sorrow on him seat;
But something in me rose in heat
And glowed in pride,
And father's soul did in me beat
And mine did ride.

It later came as you have guessed.
I had to fight and did my best;
Both gave and took with equal zest
A beefsteak face,
That nature in a few days dressed
But no disgrace.

I see my father was a man,
A royal chieftain of the clan,
And struck for me life's noblest plan.
I've yet to see
Of all that in the world I scan
Man more than he.

Straight was he, level, plumb and square
The more a man the more laid bare,
A rich old fashioned soldier rare
Of nature's plan,
And she and Life speaks pointing there:
"That is a man."

From that far day to this one here
I've never known the face of fear

But often paused and dropped a tear
 To think how he
A double father without peer
 Still marches me.

WHO LIVES IF ENGLAND DIES

Who lives if England dies?
 She mothered first the free;
Did plant the royal race
 All round the boundless sea;
Oft battled for their rights
 As highest human prize;
Now for the world she fights;
 Who lives if England dies?

For glorious Liberty
 Her very king she slew;
Drove out a tyrant race
 Brought in a freedom new.
Life's high immortal breeds
 With Liberty doth rise;
'Tis liberty life needs;
 Who lives if England dies?

Stand up ye free born race!
 The battle calls ye now;
Life doth with death embrace,
 Which foot shall brand which brow?
If in the mighty strife
 Thy country prostrate lies,
Can Life stand up erect?
 Who lives if England dies?

Here soldiers first are men,
 There men are soldiers first;
These two types are apart
 As blest and double cursed.
Life beckons unto man,
 The soldier doth despise;
Which is the type we breed?
 Who lives if England dies?

There soldiers rule the man;
 Here man the soldier rules,
War sketches their life plan,

Life Liberty here schools.
Here promises and hopes;
There doubt and fear and sighs;
Debate, debate the case!
Who lives if England dies?

This vast and iron machine
Dynamic, wise and great,
Mounts heavy up the globe
To rule all life and state.
Should force not pass away?
Peace universal rise?
All peoples for her pray,
Who lives if England dies?

The best of all the earth
Are mothers of the man;
Most noble, kings of worth,
Who bring life's larger plan.
Great Liberty, the nurse
Of man unto us flies;
Are we Life's hope or curse?
Who lives if England dies?

The World and Life and Time,
Dreams, Visions, Joys and Hopes
With horror see the crime
That drenches heaven's slopes.
All free born breeds and clans
Stretch here their hungry eyes,
Each asking as he scans:
Who lives if England dies?

BALLAD OF THE "REAR GUARD"

A vet'ren soldier in the "Home"
Worn, wounded, scarred and old
Did nurse again the broken strength
The service hardships rolled.
He yet had senses keen and quick
To feel his country's need;
Was oft in doubt, in sorrows thick,
And oft his heart did bleed
To see his country fronting fate
And blank unconscious of her state.

With trembling hands and bulging eyes
He read each day's report;
Did thump his fist, did grind his teeth,
And often fierce did snort.
So unprepared, such long delays,
The lack of all supplies,
The vast indifference that betrays
Seemed traitorous in his eyes.
The greed of gold, the lust of power
Seemed most the monsters that devour.

The danger filled his sweeping eyes
Did brood on heart and brain;
Fear and her somber shadows fell
On Britain's wide domain.
He sometimes saw and felt the shame
Of armies in retreat,
And better still, he sometimes felt
The virtue of defeat;
It seemed his country's greatest need
To bring the free and fighting breed.

No wonder then in such a frame
All life powers held debate!
And often came the stormy night,
Oft dreams that recreate;
Oft, oft he felt the vast desire
That youth again might aid,
And out of this there came the dream
That new his country made.
He felt the shame, his muttered word
His being into action stirred.

Oh Britain, thou hast been the free
And fought full many a fight
For thine and other liberty
On sea and plain and height!
But now when for thy very life
Thy passions should be white,
Still at thine ease, unfit for strife,
Torn by dividing blight.
Lift up thine eyes! Behold the foe!
If man to man how would it go?

Now every German in the world
Is on the fighting line;
The Austrian binds up his loins,
Drinks down the soldier's wine;
Away the Bulgar throws his fears,

Swift rushes to the fight;
The courage of this later Turk
Redeems him in our sight.
Division now from them has fled
And Union leads them straight ahead.

The French are rolling back the strength
As mountains roll the tide;
The Romans like the Romans old
Are standing up in pride;
The baited Serbians louder shout
And fight until they fall;
The Russian now is turned about
And backed against the wall;
They all are allies for the fight
That feeds the soldier passions white.

But, Britain, Britain, where art thou?
The world doth look at thee;
All nations of the planet now,
Pause, look, astonished see
The Daughter of old Liberty
That never did betray
In freedom's sacred cause is cold
And laggard in the fray.
Great Liberty is calling: "Come!"
And art thou yet still deaf and dumb?

The Soul of Britain like a Queen
That rides the boundless sea,
High scepters o'er the wide terrene
Young nations strong and free—
She weeps, she weeps, she cries, she cries
For her old sons and sires,
The ancient spirit to arise
With freedom's sacred fires.
Against the wall, in bleeding need
She calls and calls the ancient breed.

A few state virtues most supreme
Swift hastened to the fray.
Heroic virtue, granite hate
Have battled night and day.
The man and soldier battled fierce;
Each conquered, each did die;
But here are none to take his place,
There others swiftly fly.
Here Britain calls, looks up for men
But none to greet her cry and ken.

Yet here are multitudes of men
That wander round and round;
Young strength in whom the larger soul
Has never yet been found.
Large hosts of men just in their prime
Unto the strife are dead,
And Britain bleeding in her need
As she has never bled,
And calling, thinking that the free
Will answer look and prayer and plea.

The dog fights of the nation's life
Are passed, and now is come
The one great fight that well might smite
The nation blind and dumb.
We now must fight for Liberty
Or for the tyrants fight,
Be Britain's free men as of yore
O slaves of Teuton might.
And Britain now can scarcely find
The seeing eye or thinking mind.

And some are slow and some are cold,
Some sitting at their ease,
And some in soul are far away,
Some struck by strange disease;
And some are rich and some are fat,
Some drink and drunk with wine,
And some are blind and some afraid;
Some traitors by design;
Some high and low go on the strike
And some to neutral nations hike.

And some by selfishness can bleed
Their country in this hour,
And some by blind ambitious greed
Would barter her for power;
And some in this tremendous time
Can dance the flowery way,
And some as if she were a crime
Can strip her bare and flay;
Some see what Fate writes on the gate
And still can stand and watch and wait.

One sings: "I did not raise my boy
To be a soldier man.
I raised him up to be a joy
And glory of the clan."
Oh let me hear: "Had I a boy

That now disdained the fight
I would take him out and shoot him
Like a howling dog at night."
That is the song we need to hear
Or else descend from off the sphere.

Ye masses! Will ye dare to turn
From Life's great Queen divine?
Earth's highest hopes still dare to spurn,
This liberty resign?
By all the gods enthroned above,
By devils penned below,
I'll march again as in my prime
To front my country's foe.
I feel the spirit in me burn
And to the ranks again will turn.

And I will call the gray and old
Though years have hit them hard;
The souls that faced the bayonets cold
The rear can surely guard.
Now Liberty, both loud and clear
Send blasts of living sound!
Pour it like thunder round the sphere
And to it soon will bound
The old rear guard in body-broke,
But spirit stronger than the oak!

Call all the old men of the state,
The broken, blind and lame,
The three score years and ten that weight,
Last ember, spark and flame!
They fought in youth, they fought in prime
To make Great Britain's fame
And they again would rather die
Than live and wear the shame
That sees their native country fight
And not rush up with passions white.

"All Britain's sires all round the globe,
Hark, hark! Now pause and hark!
Great Britain's sires, Oh let the probe
Go through ye to the mark!
Against the wall, now for her life
Thy country final fights;
She's up against it, in the strife
The foe climb up the heights.
Thy country calls the old 'Rear Guard!'
Come home! Come home! Let naught retard!"

All round the world they heard the sound,
Then instant with a sweep
And with an elemental bound
Unto their arms they leap.
Old fowling pieces, older swords,
And oddest weapons strange
For dateless rifles once adored
The arts and crafts exchange.
Upon the flood, before the tide
Propitious winds to England ride.

The Rear Guard with official skill
Soon formed them into line;
Strange ranks and arms and regiments
Were marshaled in his eyne.
The odd accoutrements and old
Their nervous fingers held;
Each face, intense and keen and pinched,
Their bosoms heaved and swelled,
Great Britain's oldest, rearest guard
To save the country pressed so hard.

The Rear Guard mounted, viewed the line;
He viewed the ranks and smiled;
The soldier never is deceived,
Too real to be beguiled.
He saw the wrecks and rags and scraps
Life's war had almost slain,
The blown out magazines of life
In soldier form and train;
As to the truth he was beguiled
He could not dream but smiled and smiled.

He then beheld the young recruits,
Resources, fire and lore,
Just aching, aching for the strife
And dreaming of old war;
All force and fire, all flare and flash,
With passions that unseal
The dreaming of a fierce delight
Mid shot and shell and steel.
He saw the young recruits so fair
And then the rear guards marching there.

He saw recruits trained, marched and drilled,
Tough hardened for the fight;
With white steel strength their frames were bound,
Their spirits fed more white.
Full matched to all machines and powers,

Upon Life's crested hill,
The raw recruits were granite towers
That high explosives fill.
He saw and measured their domain
Then eyed the Rear Guard's lingering train.

He saw the veterans of the fight
In action's fiercest hour,
In demon battles 'gainst the might
Of monsters that devour;
With elemental energies
And engineries and lore,
In elemental struggles locked
That earth and heav'n tore;
Then saw the worn out, wasted breed
Beside the nation's chosen seed.

He saw the victors from the wars
Full clad in glory bright;
Great Liberty was leading them
And feeding life and light.
Tall, noble, hard, straight, wise and strong,
Prepared again to fight,
And in the march he heard the song
Of full victorious "Right."
And then the feeble guards of age
Did after them his eyes engage.

He viewed again; there was his friends,
The veterans worn and old,
All that was in them leaped to life
But age is slow and cold.
Their march and dream and victory
Was just a vain pretense.
The valor that did death defy
In struggles most immense
They left it on the fields and years
When up they fought and crowned the spheres.

Here was a band of clergymen,
Old, bent and soft and gray,
Dissenters and establishment
United for the fray.
Such feebleness and gentleness
Might grace a country town
But coming up to join the war—
A breath would knock them down;
But not a spark the Guard could spurn
That on his country's altars burn.

These artists and musicians see!
They could not stop a dog.
A single day of march would lay
Their strength out like a log.
These poets and romantic scribes
Are only in the way.
Mere paper fighters! Could they stand
Where razor bayonets play?
But all who would for Britain die
The Rear Guard held with sacred eye.

See these mechanics that from toil
Had long retired to rest;
These former delvers in the soil
Nursed on old nature's breast,
From sitting in the sunlight soft,
Slow dozing out their life,
They have come up to meet the strength
Of this titanic strife.
It was absurd. But who could dare
Reject the altar offering there?

Here doctors, lawyers, teachers old
Did leave their books and fees;
Gray merchants, bankers, builders gray
Forgot age and disease,
The old officials of the state,
White scientists of lore
And every worn out worthiness
Came up to join the war;
But none who for their country sigh
The old Rear Guard could dare deny.

Here come old sailors from the shores
From which they sailed so free;
Rough, weather beat and swaggering wide,
True sons of the old sea.
Our quickened pulses us deceive;
'Tis only memory;
They once were strongest of the strong
But strength with age doth flee.
The old Rear Guard could not reject
These shadows of the once elect.

Here comes a line of pensioners,
Aged soldiers from the "Home,"
Slow hobbling up with all their years
To front the strength of Rome.
Torn, broken, cripple, scored and scarred,

And minus leg or arm,
Their eighty years were coming up
To Britain save from harm.
All, all of this immortal breed
The Guard made officers to lead

See yonder! By heaven! I believe
Beneath that strange attire
Some women would the eye deceive
And fighting men inspire.
'Tis even so! These spirits sing
Their country's noblest line:
"Who cannot fight for Liberty
Is never son of mine."
The Rear Guard shouted: "Make a place
For this new breed. I like the race."

As thus he saw, his gathered guards
Stood plain before his sight;
Their glory dwindled down and down
As noonday down to night.
Oh what a strange and motley rank
Of all the rags of life!
It was a soldier comedy,
A farce to soldier strife.
E'en Life herself did smile to see
These guards against the strifes that be.

How could he lead, how could he these
March out before the world?
Full front the thronging multitudes?
The thrones and stations pearled?
How could he march to London town
And up to parliament,
When most of them should be in bed,
And to the "Homes" be sent?
It madness seemed to lead the line
On whom old Death had set his sign.

All up the way to London town
He saw the masses wait,
Jest, laughter, scorn and ribaldry
At every village gate.
Sarcasm, mockery, hootings flung
And sworded word and frown,
Denial, wrath, perhaps a curse
From thrones and high renown;
All this he saw and could he lead
This old Rear Guard to Britain's need?

Then coming up to parliament
Before the nation's eyes
The Commons, Lords and King and all
Would hiss, spit and despise.
Great officers of war in shame
Would sweep them from the street;
The nation in wild mockery
Would trample 'neath the feet.
His guards so scattered, slain and torn
The ages would hold up in scorn.

He viewed them and his heart did sink,
An insane dream possessed:
It is a dangerous thing to think
Right through life's painted vest.
But on these guards there was no paint,
Naught, naught was there to mask
But naked eye and naked truth
That strangest questions ask.
In all that see, in all that think
The heart and hope must often sink.

Then, an infinite almighty shame
Did strike him down to earth.
A vaster and more mighty pride
Came up in turn to birth.
He flung defiance to the world,
Stood up in granite might,
For then another vision streamed
Like sunrise on his sight.
A vision that the world did shame
And set his spirit fierce aflame.

Upon those frames that mocked the eye,
Upon their faces lean,
Upon those crippled, limping lines
Was glory rarely seen.
The splendors from the noonday pass;
The victors were in shame;
And on these guards a vision rose
To crown the crests of fame.
And he could front the universe
If it were all one howling curse.

Upon each countenance did shine
The high heroic soul,
The spirit man deems most divine,
That time and life can pole.
There was the pure self-sacrifice



That did the self disown.
There was the vital keen desire
The world has never known
And in their eyes there was the light
That blinds the soldier's battle sight.

There was the age that in its youth
Had been as fierce as fire,
The outworn strength that in its prime
High heaven did desire.
There was the glory of that grace
That soldiers only wear,
And when for Liberty they fight
Shines infinitely fair;
And who could scorn when he could trace
The glory of life's noblest race.

This was the remnant of that line
That set the whole world free,
That cradled freedom for the globe
And sent her o'er the sea.
They longed and longed for youth again
And on their age did weep,
But with their all to its last dram
Did up and forward leap.
Far brighter than the morning sun
Life's glory on his guards did run.

Exalted to the height of pride
He seemed to fill the arch
With a real soldier's order flung:
"To London, forward march!"
The Rear Guards gathered up their strength
And followed guard and guide,
And England's masses to the sight
Came up from far and wide;
They hastened to the way of life,
Forgot their country in its strife.

From Portsmouth unto London town
The highway soon was jammed;
Soon every spot where eye could see
Was more than overcrammed.
The curious, gay, sight seeing throng
Without one living thought
Beyond the moment's merriment
Were by the strangeness brought.
They crowded up, a surging mass
The way the Rear Guards were to pass.

Then as the soldier old had seen,
There was a world of scorn,
Though in some few a saving dream
Was unto honor born.
The mass was wild and drunk with glee;
Each did with other vie
In mocking zest and biting jest
That loud on them they cry.
They were the butt, the bait and bay
Of all the mass on that high way.

Full many a word sharp as a sword
And pointed as a spear
Went to the heart of each old guard
That ne'er had known fear.
And many a look and many an act
And worse things on them flung,
Not for their own but Britain's sake
Their beings stung and stung;
But they had come for Britain's need
And for themselves did lightly heed.

When up they came to London town
There was a mighty shout,
A most tremendous shout of scorn,
That younger men might rout.
But them it fed a higher strength,
Fed passion like their prime
And on they marched before the throng
As virtue fronting crime;
Scorning, mocking, swelling, smiting
But their spirits little biting.

The pomp, position, power and pride
Of London let a shout
That shook the island to its ends
And circled them about.
Fierce cannonades of ribaldry,
All magazines of wit,
Laughter and puns like rapid guns
Did turn on them and hit,
In jests that set the streets in roars
Like sunny breakers on the shores.

When near they drew to parliament
A silence seemed to fall
A virtuous something in the air
The mockery did appal.
The atmosphere and nobler sense,

Perhaps the soul within
Did smite with questions most immense
The rabble, roar and din;
And silence fell around the line
As they drew near the honored shrine.

They marched right up and then re-formed
Into a solid mass.
The remnant of old English sires,
The class of every class.
With hardly strength enough to stand
But desperate and intense
And with old England's ancient grace
Upon each countenance
They waited. Would Britain them accept
Or would she their old age reject?

Look yonder! The Commons, Lords and King
Are coming barehead down;
There's pleasure on each countenance
As glory on renown.
There's lightning in each gazing eye
That doth the guards behold.
There's something in the atmosphere
Of England true and old.
Hark! Hark! Did ye not hear the word?
The very dead might well be stirred.

"All honor to ye, nobler souls,
Who feel your country's need!
Ye gave your youth to make her great,
Your age for her can bleed.
United, Commons, Lords and King
For service ye accept,
And we would seek with you a place
For ye are life's elect
Who bring unto Great Britain's shrine
The greatest of her gifts divine."

Just then stood forth a mighty Soul,
Tall, noble, great and wise,
A spirit that the world could pole,
That could adorn the skies.
The great soul of the English race,
Majestic, strong, sublime,
Cast off the darkness from her face
And stood up pure and prime.
All greeted her. Applause did break
That both the heav'ns and earth did shake.

That was a soul, a noble soul
That soon did silence call;
True spirit glory from the height
Did on the human fall.
To look at her the mortal rose;
To feel her was like wine;
Thus standing near and fronting her
Would make men grow divine.
And in the silence fell the word
That Britons ne'er before had heard.

"I am the Soul of this great State.
I lived with but one hope,
To build a people wise and free
And lead them up the slope.
And I conceived and bore and brought
And bred divine a race
With whom I dared to front the world
And all dishonor face.
The type was high, rich, strong and free,
The kindred of the boundless sea."

"They were the men I loved to see,
With whom I lived and wrought,
Forever pledged to Liberty
And never sold nor bought.
They were the breed the world doth need,
And I can see your sires
Upon mine eyes like visions rise
Such as the hour requires.
Earth elements, old nature's own,
On them I built my hopes and throne."

"Look at your sires! Behold the breed!
The like is now no more.
The old ancestral soul has gone
To some far distant shore.
For to your kind ye are not kin,
You now old Nature shelves.
Who cannot fight for human right
Fight never for themselves.
Of all this teeming boundless throng
None but these guards to them belong."

"I once did lead the English race;
My words were like a fire;
Oft, oft with me was instant death
But I was life's desire.
I have no people left today

But these Rear Guards so nigh
Oh Island Dear! Farewell, farewell!
I go with them to die.
And Nature great we leave with thee
The memory of the race once free."

Thus said, she paused. In that suspense
The masses held their breath.
"Perhaps one more will join these ranks
And go with us to death.
There is no victory on our eyes,
We go unto our end;
Here Liberty and life must part
And she is still our friend,
The foe is strong. We scarce can try;
But with great Liberty can die."

Then like a gun of monstrous bore
That breaks the Sabbath chime,
Like mighty thunder that has tore
The azure vaulted clime,
Like to a resurrection sound,
That startles all the world,
Imparting friends a forward bound
And backward foe has hurled,
She shouted shaking heaven's arch:
"Attention! Right about face! March!"

As lightnings from electric clouds
Doth instant flash and leap,
As tempests from the granite north
Come forth with sudden sweep,
As earthquake and volcanoes break
The chains upon their breast,
And ocean sends a mighty tide
Of sheer resistless crest,
So suddenly the plumbless deep
Of Britain's nobler soul did leap.

Resistless tide and mighty wind
Broke every anchor chain,
Did lift each up, bore all afar,
Fed every heart and brain.
Floods, floods of passion fierce and white
And powers and grace divine,
Burst into them and changes wrought
Like old enchanting wine;
Another Britain did arise,
The breed that all the world doth prize.

That was a resurrection hour
To glory and to grace.
The spirit rose in virtuous dower,
Life did the birth embrace.
Upon each face a soul did shine,
Each brow was bright with flame,
The glowing, glowing, glowing heart
Did through the flesh proclaim,
The free born soul and race was there,
In granite power and beauty fair.

Broke one wide Europe shaking shout,
"Stay! Stay! Leave not our shore!
Forgive our sordid selfishness,
We were insane before!
We were not sons of our old sires,
Not hopes for Liberty,
Mere remnant rags to these old guards,
Most, most unworthy thee!
But stay, Oh stay. Forgive! Forgive!
Still teach us how to rise and live."

Then each in pure self-sacrifice
Up on the altar came.
The fire that did from heav'n descend
Did up to heaven flame.
All passions, powers and hopes supreme
Around that soul did leap.
Life's first and last and fierce delight
Was on her course to sweep.
The nation by her spirit found
Did circle her around and round.

Then like a high divinity
The nation to her rose;
Each saw the soul's affinity,
Each kindled higher glows.
All souls were so divinely moved
Each silent was and wept;
Peace, sorrow, joy and all in tears
A moment on each crept.
Tears of our joy, tears on our wrong
Doth make us great and wise and strong.

Then was a victor's victor shout
That shook the rounded sphere.
The distant foe did grit his teeth,
First touched by doubt and fear.
The shout of free men for their Queen,

Still shouting like the free,
To live and die for Liberty
Shook mountain, plain and sea.
All mothers, daughters, sons, sires
Marched with the old ancestral fires.

Up, up they came to the last man
Singing the song of life:
"Great Liberty the world must van
Or perish in the strife."
Off, off they marched and on the field
Paid out the awful toll
The world now and again must pay
While Liberty shall pole.
Up, up they came! Glad, glad to give
The price by which the futures live!

Thus went the dream in that true soul
Upon his country's shame.
He saw her torn, divided, shorn
Beneath great honor's blame.
That dream and train in heart and brain
Cast over him a power
That made a day so cold and gray
A rich immortal hour;
And to his country's bleeding need
He came a true immortal breed.

The passion and its height and sweep
That robed him like a flame,
Those marches up the golden streets
And on the crest of fame,
That courtal fellowship sublime
With his brave comrades old
And His country's resurrection grand
Was more than he could hold,
And his body fell like mortal
And his spirit passed the portal
As great vict'ry on him rolled.

Then clad in soldier glory fine,
His medals on his breast,
With snatches of his storied prime,
For his last marches dressed,
We gathered round and read the rite
Far let the banners stream,
And bore him in the morning dawn
Down where the flowers teem
And flashing bright all saw the light
And glory of his dream.

Then Poetry diviner sung
The glory of the spheres;
The Rear Guard to the years;
The Artist on his canvas flung
Then Music with victorious sound
Did him forever own;
And Sculpture soon her subject found
Embalming him in stone;
And England sighing dropped some tears
And in her memory high reveres.

BRITAIN.

A Song of Truth to a Song of Hate.

'Tis a destined time. 'Tis the hour of fate
For the Gods of war close the long debate.
Now a Spirit wild mid the lightning flies
And in madness shrieks with insanest cries.
Now the globe's great heart is with passion filled
And the breasts of man are with tension thrilled.
Now the clarions clear and the trumpets loud
Doth the summons fling to the arming crowd.
The soldiers and navies and nations shout
Planes and autos fly and the banners flout,
And in us there springs with a cosmic bound
An old, new, vital and thunderous sound:

“My Country!”

The soul that in soul is so oft asleep,
Too impassioned full for the flesh to keep,
The national soul that our fathers great
In us born and bred on the fields of fate,
The rich memories high of the valient fight
When they fought vast odds for their human right,
And the mighty oath and eternal curse
They swore to the world and the universe
When they pledged themselves to their island Queen
To enthrone her high on the whole terrene,
That soul in our soul that is seldom found
Into action leaps with the quick'ning sound:

“Britain, Free Britain!”

We have one pure love; we have known no hate,
To ourselves been true and the Queen of state.
Though we selfish are, stained and flawed and vain
And have often fell from our ideal plain,

We appeal to time and the deeds of years,
To the great and wise, peasant, craftsman, peers,
To all patriots strong, to religion pure,
Faith, honor and truth and the thrones secure,
To the heavens above and the earth and sea,
To all royal born and all spirits free,
Unto you we call, unto you appeal!
Are we curse or hope? Now disown or seal!
There is silence vast. We await the sound.
Now the great Soul breaks and doth pour around:
"Britain, Free Britain!"

All around the earth are our royal sons
And our royalest life in its fulness runs;
All the modern world we have mothered free
As strong as the earth and the boundless sea;
These United States in their flesh and bones
In her silence feels what she dare disowns.
Now the Lion's whelps with a bound and roar
Leap across the sea, guard the mother's doer!
From Canadians strong and Australians young
Now are armies born and around us flung.
From off Indian mounts and from Afric heights
An unkindred kin with their kin unites.
Hark again, Oh hark! 'Tis a victor's sound
That rolls o'er the sea and doth gird us round:
"Britain, Free Britain!"

We behold the world now anew arise
And a new God reigns on the azure skies.
As the empire stars are eclipsed and shine
We will take our place or our powers resign.
We will take our fate as the Gods decide;
If the Gods play just we will just abide;
But by Gods above and by fiends below
We will front the world as a single foe
Ere the isle goes down by a soldier state
That doth feed its scul on a single hate.
We defy the world with its iron feet
To this freedom tread that doth in us beat!
Oh arise! Arise! A tremendous sound
Calls the nation forth. Will she still be found,
"Britain, Free Britain."

When our race is run and our histories close,
When the state goes down to its long repose,
It will be a field, it will be a strife
As wide as the world and as vast as life,

And the latest man, woman, daughter, son
In that finish fight will be joined as one.
More triumphant then than triumphant now,
With the free man's soul and his brandless brow,
All, encircling round our forever Queen
Will defy the hosts of the vast terrene;
And when down we go every soul will go
As our fathers went when they faced the foe.
We'll die with a song and the deathless sound
To the watching worlds that are list'ning round:
"Britian, Free Britian."

BROCK

An Example

When she, the mother of the modern world,
Was fighting with her back against the wall,
When Europe with an earthquake shock was hurled
And ancient thrones seemed tottering to their fall,
This Canada did then a soldier call
And found in thee the spirit she did need.
The odds were great, the chances lean and small,
But 'tis the cause that doth the soldier feed.
Thou stoodest forth; the flag unfurled to all;
Drew full the sword; a bugle blast unfreed
That round thee soldiers drew as but few soldiers lead.

With one bold stroke of dazzling enterprise
Detroit fell; then thou didst quick return
To guard the shores where swift Niagara flies.
Pride, fear and shame within thy soul did burn
To see the foes the armistice so spurn.
As they entrenched and armed them for the fight
Thou wert restrained, though wisdom did discern
A Samson's need but Samson shorn of might.
Peace, peace the craven, coward-hearted yearn,
But thou didst scorn the peace that was in sight
And heard and read the fire of that October night.

With galloping pace thou and thy steed did forge
Through night and storm; along Niagara's bank
Blind plunging on, on to the height and gorge.
The batteries roared. Invading bands did prank
The farther shore to cross. Thy spirit drank
Her element. 'Twis life to life. Commands
And soldiers flew and sharp artillery sank
The freighted transports. Up where the raden stands

Thou mountest quick for none could there outflank,
Where nature gave her powers into thy hands
To roll destruction down upon all hostile bands.

Thou didst survey the field. Thy batteries famed
So unassailable did seem, thy strength was sent
Below to block the landings. Thy gunners armed
To short and thou didst warning cry: "Sergeant,
Your time and distance you misjudge. Prevent
The waste. Try longer fuse." The words were drowned
In musketry and victor shouts that rent
Thy rear. Though palsied that a flank was found
Thy own hand spiked the gun, ere swift descent
Did chase thee down; and who can feel the wound
More deadlier than death defeat upon the bound?

Defeat! Defeat! Cruel, cruel, Oh cruel defeat!
To thus plunge down, down driven from the strife!
While dragon greeds did on thy spirit eat,
Consuming swift the passions red and rife.
But oft defeat is resurrection life;
Another man of virtuous strength and will
Grasps up the sword and with a lightning knife
Defiance flings on Life's embattled hill.
So was it then. Defeat was like a wife
Of rugged form, but whose divinest skill
Brought forth the fighting man no chance of war can kill.

The enemy were planted on the height
In numbers, veterans, arms, supplies and place;
But nought can daunt the heroes of the fight
And nought can hurt a soldier like disgrace.
Up, up that steep against Fate's frowning face!
Up, up that steep that belches forth its ire!
Up, up that steep 'gainst death at every pace
Thou mountest up, unvanquished in desire!
Still up the steep, shielding thy soldier race,
And feeding them with passions that inspire,
Forgetful of thyself exposed to ruthless fire.

Thou hadst climbed up to almost front the foe.
Thy uniform, sword, prominence and command
Made thee a mark. Thou on thy followers throw:
"Hold fast your fire a moment more; then stand,
Discharge, and rush with bayonets on the band."
Ere died the words a sharpened shot rang out
And with a flash upon thy presence grand
It struck. Thou saidst to those that closed about:

"Heed not my fall! On, on for this fair land!
Advance to victory!" But blasts of fire did rout
The line without the lead that dared the odds to bout.

But there are worlds within the world of man,
And life is oft the opposite it seems.
A vict'ry and a victor's larger plan
Oft with a curse and vast destruction teems.
Out of defeat, cut of her torturing dreams
Another man, another virtue springs
And moulds the soul to far diviner schemes.
The blinded world that blind forever swings
Is full of contradiction and extremes;
That which we wish is always that which stings,
That which we most lament that which the sweetest sings.

For now upon the summit of thy prime
And now upon the crest of vict'ry great,
Fixed in a firm and passion most sublime
Thou art an immortality of state.
Now thou are throned and evermore canst mate
The hierarchial nobles of mankind;
For on that height Life struck with joy elate
An image high as man could wish to find.
There all men pause and silent contemplate,
Then sudden cry beneath the spells that bind:
"This was a royal man, a man high heaven designed."

THE SWORD OF THE FREE

Oh never a man in his passion
But a soldier within him arose!
And clad in man's noblest fashion
His hand round the sword did enclose.
Was a man ever born who could hold in his scorn
The soldier and sword that each other adorn?

The sword is more ancient and olden
Than palaces, empires and dreams;
Down through all the past we beholden
It flashes with splendors and gleams.
As the meteor bright in the hand of the night
So flashes the sword on the spirit's delight.

The weapon has virtue and glory;
Is famous and noble in deed;

Is embalmed in immortalist story
By men of earth's noblest breed.
Both the sword and the man by an ideal plan
For each other were made when the world began.

More polished and brighter than morning,
It is keen as a razor's edge;
And as strong as the steel bar forming
Its back and its concave wedge.
From her heart and her spine brought old nature divine
To the anvil the stuff that she tempered most fine.

As swift as a bolt when it flashes,
And as sure as an eagle's eye,
And as deep as a patriot's gashes
Where old traitors and tyrants die.
So thy strokes and thy might in the midst of the fight
When the soul and the sword drink their passions' delight.

Though white as the worker can whiten,
Or golden as mirrors the sun,
Thou art crimson as ever can dighten
The crimson all free spirits run.
'Tis thy joy and thy grief to baptize in the dyes
Of the tyrant's red heart when wide open it flies.

Oh hand! Did a hand ever holden
A symbol as great as the sword?
My passions thy handle enfolden
As a member once severed restored.
Oh clasp her and hold her! More tighter and fold her
With large muscled strength growing bolder and bolder!

Oh arm! Is there ought for thy swinging
So worth as the sword of the free?
Can scepters or wands that are winging
Cast spells of enchantment on thee?
There is naught in the earth from the grave to the birth
Like the sword of the free and their battles of worth.

Once more, Oh my sword, I will trumpet
The oath unto heaven and earth,
The oath the oppressors discomfit
And hastens free ages to birth:
"Through all time and all space, for each down-trodden race
On the fiercest front line I will fight in my place."

"For thee and thy cause the divinest
I am more than a bartered slave;
Earth kingdoms and all earth enshrine
Without thee would be but a grave.
Give the field and the foes! Give the sword and its blows!
Give me life, give me death and a victor's repose?"

"As standing on time's golden portal,
For ages, the ages unborn,
For the cause and the world's most immortal,
Once again is allegiance sworn:
To the cause, to the cause, to the cause of the free
I must pledge soul and sword for eternity!"

FREE BRITAIN, FREE FOREVER

When Life and Time did first create
The modern world and nations
An island Queen they chose to nurse
The best of their creations.
Great Liberty was then conceived
And born among the masses;
There nursed and fed and torn and bled
Through forests, wild and passes.

Straight up she grew a soul divine
And fed the island races.
The soul in soul oft leaping forth,
Allegiance and embraces.
Through these chaotic savage times
She sowed immortal stories.
Her body-guard with deeds sublime
Did crown her brow with glories.

In many a fierce and bloody fray
She led the stalwart masses,
Taught, often taught, no Britons are
The slaves of tilted classes.
The people oft in battle rose
And on the thrones did trample;
A throneless throne and kingless king
The past holds up as sample.

They were the first to wage the wars
That are the people's glory.
Great Freedom's struggles Life embalms

In most immortal story.
In every war for liberty
They are like mountain bases,
They bear the shock and hurl the floods
To their abysmal places.

On every shore across the sea
The life of life she planted;
Young nations cradled strong and free,
With Liberty enchanted.
Great Britain's life with freedom rife
Through all the world is sweeping,
The colonies with passion white
Are toward the mother leaping.

This Britain nursed the modern world
But Liberty nursed Britain;
On every soul unto her born
The royal word was written.
To every one was fed the milk
That tyrant hatred nurses
And every one was fed the meat
That fronts the tyrant's curses.

Then when a hell begotten force
With war dogs fierce attended
Looked toward her, bellowed, broke the leash,
Leaped, raved and foaming rended,
What wonder that the free born race
With sweeping rush assembled
And heaven and earth in lightning storms
In fear and horror trembled?

What wonder that a mighty shout
Shook every quaking nation:
"To arms, to arms! To hell, Oh hurl
Hell's monstrous miscreation!
March to the war that slays all war!
Now double strife infernal!
Destroy the old and endless curse
And bring the peace supernal!"

And if free Britain e'er shall change
To heart and hand of iron,
Another free born bid arise!
Let deadly foes environ!
But may my country never change!
From Liberty nought sever!
But as she was and is still be,
Free Britain, free forever!

ATROCITIES

Atrocities! Abhorred atrocities!
Outrageous violation of all law!
New cannibals and new ferocities
The human race doth paralyze with awe!
The savage breeds that nature once did draw
Into the deep with infinitest shame
Rise up again, but ruder and more raw.
The passions old that fires infernal flame
Rush o'er the earth and glut their hungry maw,
In deeds so fierce that human nature's fame
And civilization's grace seems skin deep on the frame.

Why mention these gigantic crimes of war
As if all war did saneness not expel!
And demoned man demented with the gore
Not driven on by an infernal spell
To murd'rous hate and mad destructions fell!
War and her deeds are Reason's worst monstrosities!
Her time on earth makes life an unlocked hell!
Each hour of stay feeds blind and fierce ferocities
That neither God nor man can hope to quell.
Against high heav'n, what blasphemous philosophies!
Against all human kind what infinite atrocities!

But being war, why mention these profanities?
Some of these deeds that thou dost howl and hiss
As savages and brute insane insanities
And seek mankind to hurl to the abyss—
What is this noise but signs that thou dost miss
The rank and class all sterner soldiers know
And scorn to whine in deadly strifes like this!
War is annihilation of the foe.
"Annihilate by any means ye wis"
Has been the law old nature doth bestow
And he is her best born who lays the greatest low.

Inventions that annihilations sow
Let genius call unto their aid to fight!
Old Nature court! She has and will bestow
The instant and omnipotent might
That down the foe shall sudden final smite.
These Zeppelins, U-boats, gases, liquid fires—
Oh cease this cry of women in their fright
And meet them with new engineering and ired!
Be like the breed of soldiers glowing white
And down Oh go, or out of thy desires
Another genius bring such as the need requires!

If it be war let war be elemental!
Strike, strike for the foe's complete annihilation!
Be lightning-like, remorseless, transcendental!
An execution, like to this stern creation,
An avalanche send to its destination!
Wrest thou infernal sorcery from science!
Move heav'n and earth and sea in ministration!
Full open hell and bring up her appliance
And give or take nature's extermination!
Unto the old traditions hurl defiance
And to the new war gods pledge thou a bold alliance!

But place the bounds which rare old soldier breeds
Placed on the soul what time their passions white
Full lost themselves in elemental deeds
Upon the front and fiercest line of fight,
But could not find in their resistless might
The weakling's thought, the coward's deed, the base
Revenge and insolence of drunken power,
But 'gainst it all a something felt disgrace
And 'gainst the shame rose up in godlike height,
Rose up in rage and spit into the face
Of all the coward breeds and deeds that man debase.

War is the full incarnate life of hell,
The dispossession of humanity
Of reason and all moral sense, a spell
That binds the world in infinite inanity;
But there are crimes within the black profanity
All must forgive and sometimes even praise
And there are crimes of such insanity
That all the globe curse to the endless days.
Some of these deeds this "culture and urbanity"
Descend to do before the tribes that gaze,
Aghast and horror-struck at their desavaged ways.

To shoot down boys and cut off both their hands
For being true unto their native state,
To slay the sex for whom all manhood stands
And oft on them their lusts to satiate,
To crucify and nail up in their hate
Their soldier foes unto the walls and doors,
To gouge out eyes and butcher hooks to weight
With living men and with infernal lores
To do the deeds men tremble to relate—
Oh Life and Strife, man scarce believes the scores,
The insane, blinded hate drunk with the wine of wars!

Is this so unbelievable? Behold
Yon crowning act of state insanity!

A piece of work no drunken fiend has told,
That stamps them with an infinite profanity
And seals them with inhuman inhumanity!
A piece of work that did the globe astound,
That for a time did paralyze all sanity
And held the race aghast and pale and bound;
A moment more and rational humanity
Their nobler selves and their resources found
And thundered forth a curse of full earthquaking sound.

Oh how could men themselves congratulate
In plunging down into the salty deep
A thousand plain civilians! Oh how could hate
Find in her heart the passions that could leap
And on such deeds a jubilee so keep!
How could great souls their higher glory doff
And with the baser instincts in them sweep
To sink such down below the ocean's trough,
And on their shame and on the dead we weep
To justify, to honor and to scoff
The deep, deep, deep damnation of their vile taking off!

My Country! Eternal living Fate
The judgment writes on all such rankest deeds.
When thee and thine with actions such can mate,
Then thou wilt find from thine own marts and meads
The breed divine that every nation needs;
And thou wilt hear and thou wilt feel a curse
That every high and cosmic spirit feeds
And wrapped around and tangled worse and worse
Than ever fear within the guilty breeds
Thou shalt descend the steep brinked universe
Beneath the righteous wrath all righteous souls unpurse.

Thou art a fame, a joy and hope and pride
Of soldier breeds in every time and place.
Upon thy soul and o'er thy strife doth ride
The magnanimity that fears disgrace
More than defeat or insult to the face.
Thou lov'st in friend and doth admire in foe
Nobility and virtues that embrace
Soul honor as the noblest end we know.
E'en in thy bloody battles we can trace
The trampling of the savage fierce below,
The emergence of the man, the best the earth can show.

When thou canst think such mad dishonoring deeds,
When human greatness runs so low in thee,
When honor's soul cannot sustain the breeds,

And thee and thy great soldiers hence must be
The scientific savages we see,
Then let the right omnipotential hand
Such guilty lift unto infinity
And swifter than all heaven's swift command,
And cursed as is a brute divinity
Hurl as a hell contagion to the land
Down, down the mighty gulf the whole supporting band.

My Country, "with all thy faults I love thee still!"
Though sense and selfishness and guilt I see
And feel ashamed when on some heaven hill
I look above and then look down on thee;
But when I look on this humanity
And see the souls that doth each nation ride,
Behold the naked spirits they unfree,
The types of men and man-ideals that guide,
My blood doth burn; soul rises up in me;
I hear great songs; the great globe I bestride;
A free man of the free, in honor, strength and pride.

DUNG

Oh War, dread War! Dark, dark prolific curse!
Survivor of the long eternal strife!
The parent soul that doth forever nurse
Black murd'rous hates against the heart of Life!
Thou tramplest down, thou plungest deep thy knife
Into the soul of every human hope.
In spite of all time's changes rich and rife,
In spite of man who struggled up the slope,
In spite of all ideals sorrows wife
Thou risest up, blaspheming heaven's cope
And feedest all the race thy deadly deadly dope.

Full drunk with wine of darkest inspiration
The ancient beasts within these humans rise.
Man is transformed, a curséd incantation
Makes savages and brutes of monstrous size
And by the spells infernal energize.
Drove as by hell, insane or madly stung,
With fierceness hot and fell ferocious cries
All have themselves upon each other slung
Till mangled dead in slaughter round them lies.
Great Life and Hope and all unto them sprung
Cry on the insane scene: "Dung! Dung! Just common dung!"

See these high forms, the high high forms of man,
The God erect, the hopes that earth doth nurse,
So rich endowed unto a cosmic plan
And marched unto a cosmopolitan verse—
Now see them brought before this blasting curse
And cheaper than the breeds of savage tongue,
And vainer than the shadows that immerse,
And ruthless as old Nature ever flung,
And quicker than the lightning can unpurse,
And worthless as the beasts around them sprung,
The royal race of man, dung, dung, just common dung!

These spirits vast which hope brings unto birth,
Potentials rich the world doth travailing nurse
Out of the black and blind chaotic earth
To victory and virtue o'er the curse,
These solar souls that splendors bright disperse
And wear the robes that heaven on them hung,
They strike the eye, a god they rich unpurse,
They tower and shine as from immortals sprung,
And front the height of this vast universe;
But war makes man the vilest ever sung,
All that he is and does, dung, dung, just common dung!"

Life brings them forth in anguish torturing pain,
She treasures them beyond all treasures bought,
Doth feed and clothe, guide, nurture and sustain
And gives all strength that they be virtuous taught.
All art and skill and craft is in them wrought
And out of nature's chaos blind and stung
They bring the cosmos Life has ever sought,
These civic states, and high in heaven hung
Prophetic dreams unto the future's thought.
Then see it all in blindest slaughter flung;
Mankind, his world and work, dung, dung, just common dung!

Life brings them forth and Oh the joy divine
When e'er is found a spirit strong and great,
A thinker and an actor with design
To carve and build the nobler virtuous state!
These souls are sent the world to elevate
And bear the gifts to which the heavens clung;
The geniuses still in the world create
The worlds divine that are or e'er are sprung
And lift mankind to meet and match and mate;
But consternation upon our eyes is flung,
The geniuses of life, dung, dung, just common dung!

Great man that crowns these travailing evolutions,
The man that thinks these systems of ripe thought,
That round him builds these glorious institutions
Of social life and visions he has caught
From heaven's thrones and unto mortals taught,
Great man and all the greatness from him sprung,
The hopes and dreams with life and passion fraught,
The nobleness that sorrow out has wrung,
The honor and self-sacrifice so sought,
The crest and crown that life has ever sung—
Behold! Behold! Behold! "Dung, dung, just common dung!"

Dung! Dung! This great humanity naught but dung!
A product rich just brought to fertilize
The barren earth and in the furrow flung
Like vilest things whose swift decay supplies
Another life that in earth's bosom lies!
The very race from whom the heav'ns are sprung,
The form divine from which the thinkers rise,
The hearts and minds so grandly great when stung,
The consciences with god within their eyes,
The passion white and dreams so glorious sung—
Behold! Behold! Behold! "Dung, dung, just common dung!"

Oh man, Oh man! When unto reason wed,
When wisdom ripe and virtue in thee streams,
From out and into heaven thou art led
And far behind and far before there gleams
Faith, hopes and joys and sunlike, golden dreams.
Then thought must think that this mortality
Is but a mask that veils a master's schemes,
And earth and birth a mere portality
To being high and empire that redeems,
For thou dost pass in high courtality
To this vast universe, to glorious immortality.

But when, Oh Man we see thee in thy strife,
When thou art plunged and passionate in war,
When thou art armed with lightning bolts and knife
And slaying all, thyself as red in gore
As butchery and slaughter ever wore,
Then by despair Life is most deadly stung,
Wisdom and truth are trampled as of yore,
Hope is torn forth and far with curses flung,
And night is poured on all celestial lore.
Then Life and Time must sing as often sung;
"Dung, dung, just common dung! Dung, dung, just common dung!"

"Nature, thy hand again put to the plow
And shove the shear down to the granite rock!
From end to end of ancient empires now
Turn down the dead that all the ages shock!
With them into that fertile bosom lock
Some few ripe seeds of life's diviner state!
With this rich cosmic fertilizer frock
The vital germs and out of them create
Another world whose human kind shall flock
Around great Peace and harvest from our hate
The rich millennial dreams the ages long to mate!

DRAGONS.

Within earth's passioned, palpitating breast
A spirit lives and forms the plastic mass.
Power, life and thought in all ephemera dressed
Reveal some soul that these but faintly glass.
At epic points she mounts the spheres
To note the progress of the years;
All, all the past unto the hour
Doth pierce and test with lightning power,
Forever looking to that light
That sunlike shines upon the height.
Blind life and thought, at times she doth not grope,
Stands forth like Reason's soul and views the world with hope.

Long ages past, when dinosaurian forms,
Repulsive monsters of gigantic might
Did people earth, and bred tempestuous storms
Around them fierce as tropic stormy night,
Upon the scene she rose to see
What was and from it what might be.
The earth was all one blinded brute!
As was the root so was the fruit;
Great nature's forms on land and flood
Was all one strife, in death and blood.
She sighed and sighed upon those births of time:
"Just dragons, dragons, dragons! Just dragons in their slime!"

Again she rose. Huge monsters had no place.
Another form rose with erected shape,
Just languaged and beginning to uncase
Those mighty powers transforming man from ape.
Fierce was he as the beasts of yore,
As naked, hairy, hungry, sore.

She faintly smiled. There was a hope
That out of this a soul might grope,
And language nurse the thought and dream
That in her far off heart did gleam;
But sinking back she murmured her old rhyme:
"Just dragons, dragons, dragons! Just dragons in their grime!"

Again she rose. The shape erect had thought;
Prophetic lights were shining in his eyes;
Great cities rose; new arts were learned and taught
And gardens, fields and flocks and herds they prize.
She more than saw. It was old strife
Though in the masquerades of life.
Men fed on men. It was the past
In new deceptive figures cast.
Straight from the monsters of the flood
The world had left a path of blood.
She sighed and sighed and sorrow filled her rhyme:
"Just dragons, dragons, dragons! Just dragons in their prime!"

Again she rose. Earth was a royal sight,
Ships, railroads, towers, schools, churches, light and thought.
Great humans with a towering front and height
On nature rode and vast inventions brought.
'Twas our own age, the modern world
With hope's prophetic flag unfurled,
But Wealth and Liberty and Science
Each other blast with death appliance.
Some thirty millions mangled, dead,
And life on blasting curses fed!
She wept and wept, slow sinking back in time:
"Just dragons, dragons, dragons! Just dragons in their crime!"

THE MAN WITH THE PUNCH

The world is crying loud for men;
The times do suffer need;
Life looks abroad with anxious ken
And calls the ancient breed.
The earth is fat and full of things;
Shake, shake the sleeping bunch!
Spit on and kick him till upsprings
The man that has the punch.

The present prophesies an age
Of might and man and deed;
Great Life unto the daily page

A hero's dreams doth feed.
The giants are in battle bound,
The knotted passions crunch.
The strong old fighter must be found,
The man that has the punch.

The preacher, editor and scribe,
Mechanic, farmer, lord,
Whoever leads this modern tribe
Must bear the oldest sword.
Earth is a chaos rich and rife,
See nature on the hunch!
And he alone can stand the strife,
The man that has the punch.

A man can always stand up straight,
Can face the world and fight.
On cowards Life doth send the weight
Of avalanchic night.
Forego the court and choose the camp;
Feed on the hardest lunch,
Oh covet nature's finest stamp,
The man that has the punch!

Feed heart and brain with dynamite;
Hard double up your fist;
Gods, angels, men and devils fight,
Though scorned and howled and hissed.
When man to man they dare to fight
The dust the cowards munch
But he is still the lord of life,
The man that has the punch.

THE SOLDIER'S STYLE

"You don't like my style;
'If you don't like my style
Just stand out of my way,'
As the cannon balls say
To the soldier's file."

"No! I don't like such talk;
It always makes me balk.
A something in me lies
That such talk bids arise."

"Then, get right in my way;
A granite man at bay
With sword of keenest steel
Who bids me come and feel,
Is more my like, I say,
Than standing from the way."

"Well, I don't want to fight;
But you're both wrong and right.
Come, let us reason, pray,
About the right of way?"

"Friend! Sit there on the fence
And lean your legs from thence
To the safe side! Such men
My soldiers would not ken
From dogs. His is the way
Who moves unto the day."

A SONG OF PEACE

I stood upon the Campus square
And watched the surging masses there,
The toiler, trader, wise and fair,
All full of life.
Approaching then fair Peace I saw,
The Soul that doth the ages draw
And buildeth order, justice, law,
In spite of strife.

The gath'ring masses did admire
Her figure, carriage, grace, attire,
And loud applause from hearts of fire
Did upward bound.
High, high she towered; her hand outspread;
The fleshly garments off she shed;
A spirit scarred from toe to head
Called silence round.

"I am not such as oft I seem;
Oft, oft, am clothed as like a dream
And called: 'The Hope of Life Supreme,'
'Her long desire!'
But underneath this raiment fair
When inmost being is laid bare
Ye see the scars that now I wear
Of sword and fire."

"I was born out of all the times,
All struggles, strifes and wars and crimes,
All ages, changes, countries, climes,
 To this estate.
All honor, virtue, justice, law,
Religion, reverence, faith and awe,
All that I am and all I draw
 Strife did create.

"All vict'ries of the fading past,
The social order round us cast
And future conquests coming fast
 Are fruits of war.
The ideals must engage in strife
To find the virtues of their life
And from their struggles high and rife
 Make soul from lore."

"The martyrs are life's living seed;
The patriots are a royal breed;
'Tis sacrifice that life doth need
 And makes her great.
He who beholds a nobler goal
And for it 'gainst the greeds that roll
Can plant a world defying soul
 Builds man and state."

"So oft I hear the voice of Life
Pierce through all curse and noise and strife.
Cut right in soul as like a knife:
 'Stand up and fight!'
For country, friends and home and wife,
Thy children, sires and thine own life
Before the lightning sworded knife
 Stand up and fight!"

"For liberty, the right to be
The chainless, brandless, fearless, free,
The glory men rejoice to see,
 Stand up and fight!
For Liberty, the Queen divine
Who made brutes men, men rich and fine
And life a draught of godlike wine,
 Stand up and fight!"

"War is a curse but peace is curse,
Far vaster, deadlier and worse,
If in man's heart it doth impurse
 Devouring greed

That sings and prays and sighs for peace
While selfishness has free release,
And, though life's glory, doth decrease
Man's royal breed."

"Of all the cries man should abhor,
Of all the dangers life deplore,
Of all the curses that can score
This is the worst,
The cry for 'Peace' at any price,
The ignorant, insane advise
That wars increase and make man thrice
And more accursed!"

"'Gainst Popes and presidents and kings,
And Henry Fords, cabals and rings
That want the peace and curse that clings
Stand up and fight!
Against this masquerading peace
That selfishness and greed release
And must this hell again increase
Stand up and fight!"

"Against the peace that bears the fruit
That ripens from hell's deepest root,
Transforming God and man to brute,
Stand up and fight!
Against the peace that leaves old war
Still in the heart and holds the lore,
Stained or unstained with murd'rous gore
Stand up and fight!"

"Give Life the peace that cuts the curse
Out from the heart that doth it nurse
And hurls it down the universe,
Forever down!
Give Life the peace that is her life
That heals her wounds and stills her strife
And gives her as the bridal wife
That songs renown!"

"Give, give the peace for which she prays
Through sorrows, tears and sighs and lays,
That sing and beckon down the days
Beyond all strife!

"Give, give the peace, the living peace
The heav'ns alone to earth release,
That time shall ever more increase
With love and life!"

“ ‘Gainst doctrines arming friend and foe
That Roosevelt and his followers sow
For future harvests full of woe,
Stand up and fight!
‘Gainst ‘Preparation’ that has nursed
This greatest war the world has cursed,
From which again new hells will burst
Stand up and fight!”

“For that great, noble, longed-for state
That Taft and Lowell would create,
A court where nations meet and mate
Stand up and fight!
For that high international dream,
That cosmic, climbing, saving scheme
That makes a fact life’s wish supreme ,
Stand up and fight!”

“As long as this old globe shall roll
Life must pay man and blood in toll;
For every step to being’s goal
Pay out her best.
But let her pay; the price is cheap
If from the struggle she shall reap
The larger purer soul asleep
Within her breast.”

“May Life grow wiser, free and great!
May man with dreams and visions mate!
May both be based on wisdom’s state,
And loined with right!
May law, religion, learning, art
Grow with and rule all mine and mart
And nurse the soul, but never bart
The power to fight.”

She ceased. Her wisdom silence bound
A moment, then a thunder sound
Did gird the speaker round and round,
Did rise and fall.
Then slow and calm the warrior Maid
Again her peaceful robes arrayed
And round the Campus slowly strayed
Surveying all.

THE BATTLE OF BROOKLYN

Oh Liberty! Oh Liberty! We turn
With pleasure, pride and passion'd exaltation
To thee whenever thou dost rise and spurn
Thy bitterness and bondage-degradation
To battle for thy right and domination.
Oh spirit great, most glorious and divine
Of all the earth, thou art an inspiration
To man and life. Thy passions pure as wine
They gladly drink like powers of new creation.
With tension tight the old, old fighter fine
Comes up and with a rush jumps to the fighting line.

I love the sounds of battle. I delight
To see thy presence on the field. I leap
To life and drink the recreating might
Of glorious strife. I pant. I snort. I sweep
Into the conflict and plunge into its deep.
Is it a choice 'twixt Liberty and war?
Then be it war! Still war unto the steep
Of heav'n, and war, war, war down to the floor
Of hell, and all between a mountain heap
Of dead and oceans vast of living gore!
'Tis Liberty or death forever, ever more.

And thou, my Country! Liberty's best home!
Republic great upon the rights of man!
If thus the passions rise and swell and foam
At all old tales of Freedom and her clan,
Should not I rise and in the distance scan
Thy trav'ling strife with Europe's old oppressions
That did abhor the New World's higher plan?
The fathers called for justice and redressions;
Great Life was glad and did the passions fan ;
In conference they discussed the prime transgressions,
Then sudden, proud, erect, they rose with new possessions.

These colonists along the fierce Atlantic
Turned from the war with Nature, rough and wild,
To face another. The tempest storms gigantic
Swept o'er the land and darkness round them piled.
They saw, a moment shrank, then reconciled
The settler donned the soldier's uniform,
Which was old Freedom's glowing soul that smiled,
And calm defied the mighty fears that swarm.
The frontier men came forth; the towns outfild
In strength; and thirteen states against the storm
Did guard each fort and hill amid the lightnings warm.

While scorning far her colonists so raw
At Bunker Hill the great delusion broke,
And England with a sudden, fearful awe
Came, staggered, fell 'mid thunder, fire and smoke.
This sphere to new life-consciousness awoke
And with a strength that prophesied the years
Back on them flung the tyrant's cursed yoke
And drove them blind with madness, shame and fears.
As they reviewed a curse they did invoke,
And measuring more the manhood of these spheres
Did gather larger force and planned to fight their peers.

New York was then, as now and long must be,
The center of all hope and firm resistance.
Within her streams far Washington did see
The coming foe and Brooklyn sent assistance.
Soon, soon they came. Far gath'ring in the distance
A mighty fleet came on to awe the shores,
To find a base and threaten the existence
Of young life. The fortress from her scanty stores
The center and the shore guards with insistence,
But leaves far east a path with open doors;
So scanty were her men and large her spreading floors.

Wise Putman dressed the fort and southern height
And half his strength to each he sorely broke.
Each half again was stationed left and right
To shore and center path to meet the stroke
That Tyranny on Liberty did invoke.
Ten thousand twice Howe landed on the shores
Against our ten fierce rebels to his yoke.
The Hessians kept the center-south and stores;
Grant led the west with Highlanders of oak;
Cornwallis quick the country round explores,
Hears of Jamaica's path and its unguarded doors.

The plans were sealed. On a deceptive night
Lean strategy struck for Jamaica's road.
In unseen, silent, secret, subtle flight
The lengthy mass softly and slowly strode,
Slow dragging forty cannons as their load.
When morning broke the vet'rans gathered rank
And officers and men with spirit glowed.
On an unconscious foe they had the flank
And vict'ry thus almost in full bestowed.
With confidence the victory they drank
And moved upon the lines along the wooded bank.

Twice, twice the force moved up to the attack,
With spreading nets along the west and east
Round Sullivan who kept the Bedford track
And now too late awakes. The victors feast
To see success so brilliantly increased.
They draw the nets. They still reserve their fires.
Now is the time. Upon them they released
The heavy charge advantage always sires.
The Hessians strong, a shamle-boughten beast,
Signed from the north charged with the fierce desires
That certain victory and long delay inspires.

Disordered quick, the patriots saw all lost.
Some fierce discharged their arms. The deadly walls
Close round them without hope. Some boldly tossed
The gauntlet down and courted death that calls.
Then Sullivan, as those on whom fate falls
Called swift retreat, but too late to avail.
Some few broke off into the forest halls;
The center held still fiercer fires assail;
Some swear a curse on tyrants and their thralls;
Then on the lines whose bayonets did them hail
They rushed the heavy south to die or to prevail.

The strength that dared this new untraveled world,
Faced savages and felled the forests old,
Their musket barrels seized and nature hurled
Them fiercely on. Down on the Hessians rolled
A desperate few, despising bayonets cold;
Down, down they came and many instant fell,
But some stood up and brute destructions sold
Around. The elemental passions swell
And mighty axelike strokes with swingings bold
Sunk on that line. The super-human spell
That falls on Freedom's sons when driven to rebel,

Rose up in them and drove them on like fire.
Down sweeping with momentum from the height
They plunged sheer in, like Samson blind in ire
Smote left and right. The passions glowing white
Did instant, desperate and remorseless smite
Resistances that clog and close the path;
But strengthened, numbered, interlocked with might
The veterans stand. New life is in the bath
Of blood when hope gulps down the sweet delight
Of vict'ry. The force that battered nature hath
Rose up within the foe and wrath encountered wrath.

Still fighting on they pushed that center back
And taught again these colonists could fight.
Now they themselves returned upon their track,
Then forward plunged and swayed both left and right.
As like a swollen river at its height,
A gath'ring wave strikes plumb the curbing tall,
When suddenly with passions foaming white
The piled up stream sweeps down and does appal,
So then that revolutionary might
Broke through the strength that did around them wall;
A remnant mere escapes and many prisoners fall.

Meanwhile brave Sterling kept the path near shore
And fed his men the wrongs that did them bite.
'Twas time the first that Liberty e'er bore
The organized Americans to fight,
To fight for man, for independent right,
Democracy and hopes that on her wait.
With kindness cruel, assurance and delight
She took the chance and scorned the loud debate,
For such a strength a new world did invite.
Against the men earth's strongest men can mate
She set them up in line and on them laid her fate.

The sun had started toward the hour of seven
When all the fleet that lay along the shore
Let loose her fiercest cannonades of levin
And on the fields sent forth a thunder roar.
Why? To hold all minds from that far eastern door.
Then Grant and his strong Highlanders did break
The tension tight and 'neath strategic lore
Fierce opened fire. The outposts answer make
And summons help against advances sore.
They fought and fought and fell back to the stake
As greater numbers pressed and their defence did rake.

The posts their last position but gave way
When Sterling with two thousand untried men
Supported them and held the foe at bay;
And more than held, for down on them unpen
Resistances America till then
Did never need, and never forth did call;
But now against the strength of rock and glen
Came up and stood a bulwarked breasted wall
Of patriots keen that dared the fiercest ken
Of veteran lines, resources, arms and all
That raw, raw soldiers green with reason might appal.

They stood their ground 'gainst more than double force,
And if some sank beneath the heavy fire
A charge they sent upon such deadly course
As Death himself the blast did sight and sire.
They stopped advance; cooled quick the hot desire,
Gave passion pause, taught them another lore,
And drank the breath the battle doth inspire.
The minute-men with musketry of yore
Mark never missed but sent destructions dire;
The loss they gave and added to the score
As confidence and hope did new their bosoms store.

Once fire baptized upon the battle front
They seemed to rise to higher strength and height
For every man would bear the burdened brunt
And on the first and fiercest line would fight.
Oft, often did the swift, impetuous might
Sweep out of rank and in their very face
Amid the shot on its uncertain flight
Cast on their flag the crimson of disgrace.
Those highlanders, great England's war delight,
Found they were up against the ancient race,
Against another man old nature's passions lace.

Now on the west, then on the farthest east,
And more than once against the center line
They would mount up. The veterans more increased
With numbers and with ordered valor fine
Would drink the hope of victory like wine.
But place and race and fire swift answering fire
Did beat them down, down from that famed incline.
Again disgrace and valor high aspire,
Again they dare to mount with dark design,
And once again a smaller host retire,
And once again a shout that rises high and higher.

The sun had climbed to eight, to nine, to ten.
For four long hours the enemy they stay
And drove them back, although the veteran men
At every point did battle to make way.
Resource, ambition numbers, desperate play
Were stopped and stayed, were humbled, bent and bowed
By Life's green hopes on that uncertain day.
Ner was it strange the victors shouting loud
Derision rolled and did the veterans bay.
The strength of war, far famed, boasted and proud
Went up against the stop, were stopped and stayed and cowed.

But hark, Oh hark! What is that distant sound?
What strange report upon the patriots' flank?
Along the height it sends an awe profound
And stills the shouts along the victors' rank.
All look behind. On them it casts a blank
Astonishment and instant seems to slay
The victor hopes that did that summit prank.
Again there was confusion and dismay
And their high hopes below the plummet sank.
It was the sound of doom upon the day;
The victors in their rear upon them sudden play.

Cornwallis from his victory did run
To strike the foes upon the shore and height.
On Sterling brave as on brave Sullivan
Was strategy and swift, resistless might.
It were insane to stand up to the fight,
And death to yield unto the prisoner's fate.
It were a loss to Liberty, black night
Unto the cause, on the new state a weight,
And deep disgrace on Life's divinest right;
Worst, worst of all, it were a murderous hate
On his young soldiers true to pause or hesitate.

Then was a brief and burning half an hour;
A sacrifice and glory to behold;
A passionate scene of valor, feat and power
That Life and Time and poets rare have told.
To save men to annihilation sold
The Scot commands the most part to retreat,
Whole he himself and kindred spirits bold
Their courses keep o'er stream and marshy peat.
They took their stand 'gainst odds most manifold,
A chosen band in a position meet;
'Twas crimson, crimson life and passion white with heat.

Quick action then; the British poured in fire;
There was a rush, an elemental shock;
Old England and America in ire
Shook to the deep, in deadly conflict lock.
The globes of man down to the granite rock
Rose up and fought. Shame, anger, fear and might
That chosen few most ruthless did unfrock.
Fierce poured the shot; swords struck the living sight;
But there they stood and did all progress block.
With many slain, the living fiercer fight
As their companions crossed the stream with blood bedight.

For half an hour the fugitives passed o'er;
For half an hour the English on them dash;
For half an hour the handful 'gainst them bore;
For half an hour shot fell and bayonets slash.
Though shot and hewn with many a fearful gash
They fought and fought upon the piling dead.
Into the teeth that did upon them gnash
These heroes struck with passions fierce and red
And kept the stream through which their comrades splash.
Though some sank down into the watery bed
Most crossed the marshy creek and to the fortress sped.

Again, again, again, and once again
They did repulse Cornwallis from the way.
Though every time a higher toll of men
Upon the field as dead and dying lay.
But every time they instant did obey
And fewer few rush to defend the place
And dare the guns the British on them play.
Time and again they dared the veterans face
And on their own the slaughter fierce did stay.
Even the foes admired the hero race
Of that vicarious fight and sacrificial grace.

Of that fierce, final, pathway-blocking strife
Oh give the honors where they most belong!
From Maryland a regiment of life
Round Sterling stood against the victors strong.
Her fresh green hopes, a generous youthful throng,
Stood up with him as seasoned soldiers fight,
Took blindest odds and dared the mighty wrong
Though fiercest fires and bayonets did them smite.
But though from them there rose a glorious song
Of battle front, of valor, fame and might,
It could not save the day from dark defeat and blight.

Defeat! Defeat! Cruel, cruel, Oh cruel defeat!
The first stand-up for independent state,
The "Declaration Great" and life replete
With liberty and this decree of fate
That strength and hope almost annihilate!
Defeat! Defeat! The first high passions white
With mighty dreams of glorious estate
And victories that doth the eye delight,
Before the strength of tyranny and hate
Stormed, stormed and drove from off the double height
And victors and their dreams plunged into darkest night!

Defeat! Defeat! Cruel, cruel, Oh cruel defeat!
Life's bosom bare, warm, bleeding, pierced and torn,
And to her dying lips with dregs replete
A cup that death hath from her presence sworn,
And falleth back upon her bed of thorn!
Defeat, defeat, defeat and brutal plunder
Fed on thy life and tramped ye down in scorn,
While darkness black and lightning flash and thunder
Broke on the cause as storms upon the morn!
Oh Time and Life! How is it ye can sunder
From virtue its desert and plunge both down and under?

Defeat! Defeat! Cruel, cruel, Oh cruel defeat!
On Liberty, there's no defeat like thine!
There is no cause that makes man more complete,
Sets us on fire and feeds celestial wine,
And then to drink the dregs and dross of brine!
How happy hence, thrice happy are the brave
Death wrappeth in a soldier's glory fine
And flowers immortal plants upon his grave!
How infinite the patriot's rest divine
And memory blest when man is but a slave
And Liberty and Life his mortal pathways pave!

'Tis not in man, in demons or in gods
To breast the force and win against the fates;
But when for Liberty they take the odds
Impassioned song their memory celebrates.
No victory sustains and satiates
Life's hungry heart on its immortal quest,
But virtue high that fierce annihilates
All tyranny, and in the bosom blest
Great Liberty eternal consecrates;
For life in such is ever self-posessed
And without such insane however highly dressed.

And such were ye on that disastrous day!
The spirit of thy life was high and free,
And prophecy and splendor round did play;
But all abroad, all down the earth we see
Life ever slain by Time's tyrannic "Me."
Resources, numbers, veterans, arms and skill
Are ruling powers where nature's battles be.
Though purer fires the nobler spirits fill
Great nature knows no virtue and no plea.
The patriot's, prophet's, martyr's blood doth spill;
The beasts and foes of life possess and crown the hill.

But there are worlds within the world of man
And life is oft the opposite it seems.
A vict'ry and a victor's larger plan
Oft with a curse and vast destruction teems.
Out of defeat, out of her torturing dreams
Another man, another virtue springs
That moulds the soul to far diviner schemes.
The blinded world that blind forever swings
Is full of contradiction and extremes.
That which we wish is always that which stings;
That which we most lament that which the sweetest sings.

Death and defeat, shame, bitterness and scorn,
Ye were the seed that mighty Time did fling
Into the furrow. The harvest to be born
Was riper far than poets dared to sing
When dream and song soar on archangel wing;
For out of ye sprung Liberty immortal,
A state where man is greater than a king,
A greatness, magnificence and courtal
Majesty of life, a glorious ring
Unto the generations o'er the portal,
And high prophetic hopes above the dreams of mortal.

Ye were the sacrifice by which we live;
Thy blood was shed man's right to full redeem;
Thy hate and love unto us thou didst give
And now it flows in this strange mingled stream.
The memory and the ancient virtue seems
At times run out, but there are other times
A spirit wakes and with sublimest dreams
High, high above the world in passion climbs,
Full, full of rich and ripe prophetic schemes—
It is yourselves still mounting to your primes
Where Liberty and Life eternal music chimes.

Now Liberty and Life are throned sublime
In this new sphere, and their enchanting song
Is singing hope unto the hosts of time,
And in the strain are notes so passioned strong
They fire the soul and bear it swift along
Till man is lost and finds himself in line
When ye around great Liberty did throng
And poured for her life's consecratest wine.
Immortal mortals, enthroned above all wrong!
Ye are the men Life loves to call "divine;"
Forever more your forms upon her eyes shall shine.

Ye fought and fell. Now this expanding nation,
This dominating power for coming ages,
This courage, conflict, conquest and creation,
Though spellbound as the future high engages,
Whene'er they pause and read the golden pages
Which we have wrought, the history so inspires
The glorious strife within the bosom rages
And honors that all heaven still desires
Are hung on ye unto the endless ages.
We are the sons of most immortal sires
And in our bosom yet the fathers' glowing fires.

Ye Stars and Stripes! Redemption of the night!
Defense and hope to all the bondaged world!
Though vastly changed unto the outward sight
'Twas here your folds were first with joy unfurled.
Here planted firm; here fiercely on thee hurled
The foes; here the raw colonists despised
Around thee fought and with the battle swirled;
Here was the hour that thy fresh folds baptized
In blood and death; here thou wast blindly whirled
From off the field and with defeat surprised;
So crown, Oh crown these heights so grand memorialized!

And you, ye spirits of these thirteen states
Stand up again in your colonial guise;
Though all is changed by that which new creates
Ye still survive and higher still must rise!
Behold the rich wide hemisphere that lies
Beneath the skies ye made forever free,
And this new race of vast gigantic size
Wage other wars with strife and tyranny!
Look forth, look forth! Stretch your expanding eyes
To north and south and far unto the sea!
Had ye such dreams of state as now before ye flee?

Ye later soldiers! Ye hosts that shake the globe!
Ye mod'ns whose machines unmake as man!
Whose monster guns and science powers disrobe
The world's high civilizations as we scan,
Behold this breed of nature's oldest plan!
One round of shot; a forward rush; then hand
To hand the great old struggle they began.
Against the wall of fate the patriot band
Would plant themselves before oppression's clan:
"Come on! Come on! We'll take the odds and stand."
Such soldiers here have fought. Show us a better brand!

Oh city vast! Beneath thy very feet they fought,
But time and change obliterate all trace.
The hero souls that plain and common wrought
Scarce memory leaves to their succeeding race.
Pause on thy course! With memory now repace
Thy country's lore from thy far pioneers!
A change! Surprise! What crimsons so thy face?
That yon? A battle field. It plows the spheres
Of man! Into it! Thy fathers there embrace
Their fathers who have fallen with the years.
Break out, Oh city, break, and shake the earth with cheers!

Great Uncle Sam doth on the Eagle ride
And each alike for freedom ever strives.
At every shrine though change and progress hide
They open up the lore that memory hives.
Upon these heights and shores a something rives
The present from the past. The glorious strife
Is lived again. The remembering Eagle drives
Against the foe with elemental life,
And Uncle Sam tears off the oppressor's gyves
From his young soul. A flame and lightning knife
Lead on the fiercest line against oppressions rife.

And ye, ye cosmopolitans of power
That master, march and rule the course of time,
Moulding the globe with scientific dower,
Like and unlike the World-Soul's dreams sublime,
Ye far extremes to this man's scale and clime
Come face to face! Ye are the son and sire.
His world is past and is to thee a mime;
Thy world is here; both it and thou inspire;
But under all is manhood pure and prime.
Art thou a man? Respond unto the fire
That planted, fed and fanned thy best divine desire!

And thou, thou age and coming age of splendor,
Of wealth and lore, magnificence and power!
Exalted Life with glorious train attender
No dreamer dreamed when dream looked from her tower!
Forget thou not the first immortal hour
When they fierce fought to set the whole world free,
Slew old chaotic monsters that devour,
And struck this plan as prophets only see.
Forget thou not what did them most endower
And is the best thy fathers gave to thee
And let a brighter flame unto their memory be!

Upon mine eyes there streams a cloud of vision;
It sweeps across all majesty and splendor.
The mighty world feels something of derision
As the vast mass swings round her as attender,
Allegiance swear and blind throng as defender.
'Tis Liberty, great Liberty divine!
And round are guards that never knew surrender,
The real "Old Guard," best types of life's design,
Renew their oath and service ever tender.
Behold the breed! Now ever on her line
The fighters, founders, fathers with her own glories shine.

Oh City, State, great Nation and the World,
There still is hope where e'er such virtues be,
Though man and life by tyrants new are whirled
The future high doth beckon unto thee.
Stand up! Stand up! Be strong but be more free!
The free alone life's larger doors can ope.
What now we are, whatever great we see
Is but the fruit of Freedom's deadly cope.
Feed thou the flame! Pledge life to liberty!
Line with the few! Stand up on plain and slope!
Fight, fight for Liberty and give the future hope!

BELGIUM

In this vast day of mighty strife
When heav'n and earth and man and life
And nature with resources rife
Wield against each the lightning knife
Keep safe

The mem'ry of a noble state,
Small, trampled down, despised by hate,
But chosen as if chose by Fate
To keep life's hope inviolate,
Belgium.

Who dared time's brutal giant chief,
A robber state, colossal thief,
To honor lost, to hell a fief?
Who dared her past the world's belief?
Belgium.

Who saved the hope of this wide world,
The flag that Liberty unfurled?

Who stemmed the storm when wrath was hurled
That life and man and all imperiled?
Belgium.

Who held old Europe's freedom gate,
Held brutal hordes of savage hate?
Defied a thousand times their state
And gave the world an hour of fate?
Belgium.

Who stayed a hell ambitious power
Whose hungry greed would all devour,
A strength that did to heaven tower?
Who stayed her one short, vital hour?
Belgium.

As noble as the dauntless Three
Preserved old Rome so Europe ye.
Ye showed the world types of the free
That feeds the earth her life and glee,
Belgium.

As brave and fearless, strong and wise
As time e'er saw and man must prize,
Your last born soul did instant rise
And on the fiercest front line dies.
Belgium.

Though ye are slain, your land a dearth
Now almost blotted from the earth,
Thy state has now another birth,
An ideal of immortal worth;
Belgium.

As long as men shall sing the song
Of free souls in their passion strong
Triumphant might shall feed the throng
To see thy right before their wrong,
Belgium.

Forever at the world great Y
Where free men for the world did die
A monument soars to the sky
And from it lightning strikes the eye,
Belgium.

From here and hence round every coast,
Around the shrine men honor most.

The free enfranchised, brandless host
The glories of thy name shall boast;
Belgium.

Then let the temples of old fame,
From portal, dome and tablet flame
The splendors of that glorious name
The world hosts hence greet with acclaim,
Belgium.

At each high season of great time
When nations chant in songs sublime
The powers that nursed them to their prime
One name supreme shall ride the chime,
Belgium.

If when the allies win their aim
The victors crown thee not with fame
The world's great soul will write in flame
Their infinite eternal shame.
Belgium.

TO MY SOLDIER SONGS

Go, my "Soldier Songs," to the soldier's life,
To the struggles fierce of remorseless strife!
'Tis a world of greed and a course of war
With a daily bath deep in tears and gore.

It is self and greed that is life's chief end;
On the sharpest sword she doth still depend,
And the life of man though life's highest prize,
Is as cheap as dirt that beneath her lies.

What is then is song in the mighty curse
Though the camp and sword doth its being nurse
When the powers that drive the eternal urge
Mingles man and life in an endless dirge?

Know your own defects are your own worst foes
And your own best friend in your own heart glows!
Know the elements deal with the elements true,
Give an instant death or the honor due.

Go, my "Soldier Songs" to the soldier strife!
If ye feed the camp with a throb of life

Ye will be a joy and will go your way
As the victors go from the battle fray.

Go, my "Soldier Songs!" If ye cannot feed
The impassioned heart of the soldier breed,
There is no debate, ye deserve the fate,
Ye are only dung for the songs they wait.

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